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BIANCA: THE STAR OF THE VALLEY.

A Romance of the Alps.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

AN ALPINE VALLEY—HUT OF MONNA BARBARA.

DEUSK was deepening over the Alpine summits, and huge shadows stalked slowly downward, broadening gloomily through the valleys. All nature was sinking into the sealed quiet of a winter's night, only to be broken, during the long hours, by the rumbling thunders of shifting fields of snow in the passes and declivities of the mountains, or perchance the sudden rushing crash of an avalanche slide of gathered ice, bearing down the mountain side.

Near the base of a steep precipice, the rocky side of which served for one of its walls, was a rude hut, constructed of roughly cemented stones, with a roof partly-thatched with coarse flag grass, partly sheltered from the weather by the gnarled convolutions of thick vine, running rankly up the sides of the precipice, and spreading in an almost impenetrable mass over the top and eaves of the building. From the single small and unglazed window of this hut, streamed a light, as of a glowing fire.

Other lights were scattered along the line of the sheltered valley, glimmering from the casements of peasants' cottages, wherein at this hour the humble but contented denizens of the hamlet were busied in the preparation or hearty enjoyment of their evening meal; and one light, brighter than any of the rest (and nearer to the mountain pass which formed the southern outlet to the vale) gleamed from the dwelling of old Nicolo, a famous hunter-guide, well-known throughout the Alpine districts. This light was, in truth, something more than an ordinary beacon; for it could be distinguished from afar, upon the peaks, and was, moreover, nightly trimmed and tended by the hands of Nicolo's fair grand-child Bianca, allowed by common consent to be the rustic queen of all the valley maidens.

But we have immediately to do with the hut first mentioned, built under the steep precipice, and half-covered with tangled vines, which was situated only a few hundred yards from the more capacious and comfortable cottage of Nicolo. It was occupied by three persons, an aged woman, who here not the best of reputations among the villagers (being reputed as a witch, or at least, as being more familiar with the many imps and sprites of the mountains than good Catholics were allowed to be), and her two reputed sons, Berthold and Valentine. That the old mother was ill-favored and weird-looking enough to entitle her to some claims on the score of witchcraft, was not to be doubted; but it was very evident that whatever necromantic power she might possess, did not suffice to elevate her worldly conduct, since both she and her sons had dwelt for many years in the vine-roofed hut, the latter laboring in the summer season as dressers in the vineyards of the valley, and officiating in the winter as guides, or essaying their fortune as hunters in the mountains; while the crone herself busied her aged hands in collecting every sort of herb from the hills, which, after carefully cleansing and drying, she made into small bundles, and sold at the summer fairs and festivals. Perhaps it was the poor dame's habit of clambering up the rocks, and hobbling over the valleys, in search of her herbal treasures, duly plucking them at their full time of juiciness, whether such occurred at noon or midnight, that first inspired the superstitious peasants with an impression of her supernatural connections. Besides, it is a well known fact, that when poverty is united with extreme ungainliness in the person of an old female, the young and thoughtless have ever been willing to add to the poor creature's afflictions the stigma of dealing with the evil one; whereas, it will

generally be found, on inquiry, that a great deal more ground exists for suspicions of the sort, when the object of them is quite young and handsome, since there is surely more danger to be apprehended from the attractions of youth and beauty than from the absence of both.

This was, at least, the reasoning of the good friar Ambrose, the spiritual director of the valley, on an occasion when the zealous peasants were disposed to amuse themselves, and establish their orthodoxy, by resorting to stringent measures in order to test the genuineness of Monna Barbara's faith in the church; for not only had the offence of devil-dealing been imputed to the unfortunate old woman, but she was likewise charged with being a Lutheran—a character which, in the eyes of the worthy peasantry was little less to be dreaded than the veritable enemy of souls himself. Nevertheless, in spite of many cattle having died with the murrain, and two or three blights visiting the vines children from across the German mountains, some took up with them her abode in the pleasant Val d'Orazio (which was the name of the little district shut in by lofty hills, where she had continued to dwell to the present time); in spite of these things, we say, the old woman was acknowledged to be of great service among the inhabitants; and indeed, it was conceded that to her skill, in the preparation of herbal remedies, many a poor villager, wounded by accident, or stricken with fever, had owed his recovery from near the verge of death. So, on the whole, though some extravagant fellows, after drinking wine and walking in procession to church, were accustomed to denounce Monna Barbara as a witch and heretic, none of the better class of people ever thought of molesting the peaceable and inoffensive crone. And for her defence against the ignorant common people, it was well known that the lady Berthold and Valentine, now grown into stalwart youths, were quite able to guard their humble domicile against violence. Therefore, Monna Barbara pursued her business of gathering simples without much fear of the church, or its too-zealous adherents.

Berthold was the eldest of the two sons of Monna Barbara. He was a young man of stout frame, thick-set in person, with broad shoulders and endowed with a strength which made him equal to great feats of labor during the vine-gathering season, and of course, rendered his services in much demand among the neighboring husbandmen. He was likewise skilful as a hunter, and accustomed to exertion and exposure during the inclement winters, making light of many hardships that deterred youths of less vigor and boldness from the pursuit of the chase, or the vocation of guide to travellers wishing to pass the dangerous portions of the mountainous chains that extended far beyond this valley to the frontiers of France, Switzerland and Germany. Berthold, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with his brother, had often traversed the entire route, and by this means, together with their summer labors, the youths had always kept themselves above the reach of want. Yet, though his capabilities and courage were allowed to be great throughout the valleys, Berthold was no favorite among the villagers, and many evil things were conjectured about him, which often, as in the case of his mother, were quite ill-founded. His general demeanor, indeed, was not prepossessing, and his features contributed little to produce a favorable impression on acquaintance. He had small, piercing eyes, constantly roving in wandering glances, and seeming to scan the thoughts of those who encountered their regards. His complexion was swarthy, and the expression of his face scornful and repulsive. Indeed his looks appeared to convey a consciousness of his unpopularity, and to intimate at the same time that he defied and despised those who were inimical to him.

Valentine was very unlike Berthold. The eyes of this young man were dark and bright, but they were likewise large, and looked out from beneath his forehead with a clear and earnest expression. Like Berthold he was strongly built, and taller in frame than he, with a more

graceful and easy carriage. But his smile was free and open, while the other's was covert and scornful, as though mirth were a weakness he despised. Berthold was habitually laughty and unmoved, while Valentine's temper was impetuous, and his actions sudden and often violent. But the young men of the valley, opposed as they were to intimacy with the elder, were ever favorably disposed to the younger of these two sons of Monna Barbara; and so, consequently, Valentine, from his childhood, had been accustomed to mingle in the sports and feasts of the youthful villagers, while Berthold withdrew himself at all times from the merry meetings of the valley, as if conscious of the aversion with which he was regarded.

The brothers now sat together before a blazing fire in the single apartment of their humble dwelling, whilst, to and fro, preparing the evening meal, the old Monna Barbara hobbled on her aged limbs. In the light of the burning fagots this woman's face appeared very ancient and ghastly. In truth, she was at this time full three-score years of age. Nevertheless, her small black eyes were still quite sparkling, and her hair was white as snow, her teeth were neither discolored nor decayed. Altogether, Monna Barbara was a singular-looking old personage, with her thin silver locks, sharply-bright eyes,

well-known to have little natural feeling," rejoined Valentine.

"Ha, ha!" ejaculated the gloomy Berthold, with his customary contemptuous laugh.

"You think to provoke me," said the younger brother. "You have a mind to quarrel with both of us, were I to heed your brutality. Nevertheless, brother of mine, hark ye—our mother shall not be treated with disrespect."

"Who taught you all this fine language, my valiant stripling? Are you indebted to old Nicolo for the lesson?"

Valentine remained silent, but he bit his lips, nervously, to keep down his rising passion.

"Or, maybe, his pretty grand-daughter was so good as to teach her handsome young neighbor?" continued Berthold, with a sneer. Valentine still made no reply.

"Faith! the boy has lost his tongue. Without doubt, it has followed his heart, and the pretty Bianca is now—"

exclaimed Valentine, suddenly losing his temper, and speaking in a loud key.

"Doubtless, I shall say whatever I like, without asking permission of Valentine," retorted the provoking Berthold.

"Then your bull-head shall feel this goad," exclaimed the younger brother, lifting his arm,

ening demeanor of Valentine, who had just plucked away his antagonist's weapon. "Your hand at your own brother's throat, and your knife bare, too! For shame! for shame, lad! I thought not the like of you!"

Saying these words, the old guide advanced into the hovel, followed by the stranger who had appeared with him upon the threshold. This latter was a man of tall stature, and goodly mien. He was enveloped in a mantle of rich sable, fastened with clasps of massy silver, wrought in the form of lion claws. This gentleman surveyed the countenance of Valentine, with the same fixed attention that had been bestowed by Nicolo, and evidently with similar surprise; for the face of the young man had now lost its defiant expression, and being of naturally prepossessing cast, as we have before said, presented a strong contrast to the threatening appearance it had worn so lately. Valentine discovered instantly the false light in which he now stood with his friend Nicolo, and hastened at once to explain the circumstances. But Berthold, assuming a very calm voice and manner, anticipated his brother's intention.

"It is always thus," said the crafty fellow, with an appealing look towards the old guide. "The unhappy temper of this brother of mine, whose violent outbreaks are too well known, puts us in continual fear for our lives!" Saying this, Berthold turned about, and scowled ominously at Monna Barbara, in order to frighten her, so that she would not venture to contradict his assertion.

"It is had—it is had!" said old Nicolo, gravely. "When brothers quarrel, and that, too, in the presence of a feeble mother, it bodes no good to either."

"But, hear me!" exclaimed Valentine, who crafty brother of mine has said is falsehood!"

"There—do you not perceive, his violent temper cannot be restrained!" interrupted Berthold, calling the notice of Nicolo and the stranger to the features of Valentine, which had again become inflamed, whilst the youth's whole body trembled with passion.

"It is sufficient! Do I not see the knife in his hand?" cried Nicolo. Then addressing Valentine, he continued: "Do not add a false accusation of your brother, to the sin of which you have been guilty."

Valentine at this speech was almost tempted to fly at his cunning brother, and finish the quarrel at once by some desperate action. But his better nature restrained him, and gulping down his anger with a violent effort, he turned towards Monna Barbara, who had shrunk into a corner, dreading the scowling looks of Berthold.

At this moment the stranger who, until now had stood in the middle of the hut, wrapped closely in his mantle, commenced speaking in a full, manly voice, that immediately riveted the young man's attention. He ventured, at the same time, to glance at the speaker, and was surprised to encounter the other's clear eye fixed calmly upon his own, as if it were capable of penetrating to his inmost thoughts. Valentine experienced an unaccountable emotion at this, as if the stranger's glance were revealing to him memory some strange and forgotten passages of a former life, familiar yet indistinct, like the dim shadowings of a twilight dream.

Who has not felt it? that mysterious emotion, like the memory of a face once half-disclosed in a morning-dream? What is it? Why will the tones of a voice which all outward circumstances convince us we have never heard before, awaken within our hearts a thrill as if a long-lost friend had whispered to us? Why will a flower, a bush, a landscape, that we suddenly encounter in wandering where our feet have never trod before, bring at once before our mental vision a scene which we know was never beheld by our senses faculties in this life, yet rises clear and distinct as a memory of yesterday? Is it to be imagined that our spirits, long, long since, at a period in eternity's grand march, of which our finite comprehension can define no conception, performed their parts even as now—experienced hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and doubts, even as in the present? And may we believe that the apparent recognitions of things and localities, which dawn so inexplicably at times upon our minds, reveal to us glimpses of an ante-revel which should assure us of immortality? I pass by the specious but empty promises of a former life, familiar yet indistinct, like the dim shadowings of a twilight dream.

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and brilliant teeth; and perhaps it is not to be marvelled at that the credulous villagers gave her credit for a charmed existence, though her old hat and bundles of simples were all the infernal machinery that was ever visible to their scrutiny.

Monna Barbara's white straggling hair was parted over her forehead, and tied behind with a piece of faded ribbon. Her bird-like eyes glinted beneath their shaggy brows, glancing furtively from one to the other of the two youths, who, sitting on wooden stools near the fire, plied their short hunter's knives, the one carving an ice-pole, the other shaping snow-shoes from hard wood.

Suddenly Berthold raised his eyes, and looked sharply at the old woman, saying in an impatient tone of voice:

"Why do you not make haste?"

Monna Barbara returned his glance with one as sharp, but went on with her preparations, replying nothing.

"Why do you not answer me, woman?" muttered the son, morosely.

"Nay, Berthold," interposed Valentine.

"Speak not thus harshly to our mother."

"You interfere—do you?" cried Berthold, fiercely turning on the young man. "Mind your own work, boy, or believe I shall have a word or two with you!"

"Certainly I shall not sit by, and see our mother abused by her eldest son, though he is

and brandishing the ice-pole which he had been sharpening, and to the end of which he had affixed the ferule of pointed iron, with which such sticks are shod.

Berthold started from his stool, clenching about to rush at once upon his brother. But the old dame hobbled forward, and grasped his arm, screaming:

"Take care of yourself, Valentine."

"Away with you, beliam!" muttered Berthold, fiercely. But Monna Barbara saw the knife glittering in the firelight, and she clung with closer grasp to his arm.

"Take that, then, for your interference," cried the ruffian son, and he struck with his left hand a backward blow at the crone, so that she staggered and fell against the wall.

But Valentine, by this time, had grappled with his infuriated brother, and now, with dexterous twist he wrenched the knife from his hand, just as the aged mother was dashed to the side of the room.

At this moment, the door of the hut was opened from without, and two figures appeared upon the threshold. Valentine released his hold, but he recognized in the foremost old Nicolo, the hunter, grand father of Bianca, whose innocent name had been the cause of the sudden collision.

"Ho! what is all this, young man?" exclaimed Nicolo, as he paused in astonishment on the door-sill, and surveyed the attitude and threat-



BIANCA.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGER.

PERHAPS the thoughts of the young vine-dresser of Val d'Orazio did not run into such unlimited speculations as these, into which we have been led by the suggestions of past existence, awakened through the singularity of attention with which the stranger regarded Valentine. Indeed, there was little time allowed the young man for metaphysical indulgence, inasmuch as he was called upon to listen to the very business-like words which reached his ear.

"I am in want of a guide over the mountains, and as the good Nicole here cannot conduct me farther than beyond the second pass, it is necessary that another should accompany us, to continue with me the route. I am recommended to make my choice of one of you."

Berthold here broke in abruptly, though with no vehemence of manner. "I know every foot of these mountains, my lord," said he—"I know, for that matter the routes are alike familiar to me, from the French passes to the Salazon Alps."

"Ay, then, thou must have travelled considerably in thy life-time!" said the stranger, transferring his keen glance to the elder brother. "Doubtless, the pass of the Bocchetta is likewise well known to thee?"

"I have skipped over its snow-drifts a dozen times perhaps. Nay, good fathers of St. Bernard, they know me well, my lord, and from the valley to the glaciers of Tyrol, there is no place I have not footed, save only the White Mountain itself."

"Thou hast not, then, ascended Mont Blanc?"

"For reason, my lord, that the guides of Chamouney are jealous of us who dwell near the French borders, and mistake our conducting travellers with full purses, and generous whil, as my lord himself is."

As Berthold said this, he made a grotesque attempt to smile graciously, to show the earnestness of his complaint. But his satirical second ed to produce upon the stranger an effect quite contrary to that intended; for the latter turned abruptly from Berthold, and resuming his survey of Valentine, said in an affable tone:

"In spite of thy brother's experience, and the scene in which I beheld thee engaged as I entered, I am disposed to trust thee for a guide sooner than he who has traversed all the Alps to the Swiss summits. What sayest, young man? Canst guide me to the Bocchetta?"

"Valentine has been there thrice," here interposed Monna Barbara, who had remained silent in her corner till this moment. "He will lead my lord safely."

The stranger started suddenly, as the first tones of the old woman's shrill voice reached his ear, and he peered into the smoky nook where Monna Barbara had ensconced herself. The crone had half-drawn, and was eagerly stretching forward her long neck, disclosing the shrivelled face, bright eyes, and white teeth in the flickering glare of the burning embers on the hearth. Never, perhaps, had this old mother presented a more witch-like appearance than at this moment, and it was doubtless no wonder that the tall stranger should start and change color at the almost unearthly apparition, accompanied with the sudden tones of a cracked voice. He quickly recovered himself, however, in discovering that the crone was the mother of the young men, though he could not help feeling a very uncommon sensation thrill through his frame as he encountered the look which Monna Barbara cast at him.

"Valentine will conduct you safely, signore," repeated the old woman; "to the Bocchetta, to the Simplon, to Mount St. Gothard—to the Tyrol Alps, if it like you, where the boy first drew mortal breath."

"He was born in Switzerland, then, good mother?" said the stranger, interrogatively.

"Both of them, signore, and stretched their first legs where the eagles build their nests, and the wild goat suckles its kids. Never fear, signore, but Valentine will lead you safe, though the slides be not far distant, as I know full well, by the moanings to-night."

"The moanings, good mother? What be those?"

"I hear things, and see things, that young men and young eyes may wait long for," answered the crone, energetically. Old Nicole, however, who had listened in silence to the colloquy, now interposed with an explanation.

"Monna Barbara, it is well-known, signore, can tell when the slides are about to change. She thinks she can hear the huge masses of snow sinking in the cliffs and gullies, with a great smothered sound, like to some one moaning in pain."

"And who says me nay?" cried the old woman, sharply. "Did I not bid Jacopo Landi flee away from his house, when the fool and his family were sleeping soundly, and the avalanche trembling above them. He laughed at Monna Barbara's forecast, and what came of it? Where was his house, and himself and his wife, at the daybreak?"

"It is very true," replied old Nicole, solemnly. "I did not grieve your knowledge, good Monna—for well I know that the good Piero Bembo owed his safety to your timely warning, which he did not make light of, like Jacopo."

The crone seemed satisfied by this admission of the old guide, and drew back to her nook without speaking, whilst the stranger tapping Valentine lightly, said:

"Get thee ready, youth, then, for our journey. I would fain be many miles hence before sunrise."

Valentine looked at the speaker with a grateful smile, which added much interest to his naturally pleasing countenance. But as he proceeded hastily to array himself for the road, he heard Berthold mutter to the stranger:

"Take heed the youth's pleasant face deceives you not, signore."

"I require no judgment but mine own, good fellow," replied the keen-eyed traveller, as he turned towards the door. Nicole was about to follow, when Berthold, concealing his resent-

ment at the contempt with which he was evidently regarded, detained the old guide, addressing him, with one of his low laughs:

"What think you, Nicole, raised the fiend to-night in my good brother's yonder?"

"I care not for the cause," returned the hunter. "It is a shame for both of you!"

"Nevertheless, I'll make bold to tell you," said Berthold, not in the least abashed by the new rebuff. "I will tell you, out of friendship, that you may keep watch of your household."

"What mean you by that, young man?" asked Nicole, pausing at once, to listen to what Berthold had to say.

"I mean this," returned the other, in a blunt way, like an honest man, desirous of making short work of an unpleasant duty—"I mean, that it was because I mentioned the name of your grand-child, Bianca, and for no other reason, that this hot-blooded young man quarrelled with me."

"And what said you of Bianca?" asked Nicole, quickly.

"I had rated the stripling for his boast that he loved the maiden," returned Berthold, with his cold laugh. "And moreover, I ventured to hint that a poor lad like himself, stood little chance in your favor, against all the young farmers of the valley—not to speak of the intendants of the castle, and maybe, the padrone, for that matter. Such things have been!"

"Peace, young man! What idle tale is this?" exclaimed the old guide. "Well—what were you saying? If it be true the boy loves Bianca—"

"Ay—it is true! I do love her!" here suddenly interrupted the impetuous Valentine, who had overheard the last words of Nicole, and now rushed forward. "From my heart do I love that gentle maiden," repeated he, clapping the hunter's hand in his own.

Nicole appeared for a moment lost in amazement; then he exclaimed, in a sharp tone:

"You are crazy! The child has not been reared for such as you! Hold thy peace, I pray thee!"

With this speech, Nicole shook off the young man's hand impatiently. Valentine turned away, a half-choked exclamation of angry feeling upon his lips, the flash of sudden indignation mantling his face.

"Take care, Nicole!" said Berthold, whispering to the old guide, but loud enough for his brother to hear—"take care! the young cub will not forget this slight."

"No, Berthold! I shall not," murmured Valentine, with difficulty striving to preserve a calmness. "The time will come," continued he, turning toward the old hunter—"when you, Nicole, shall repent your words!"

The guide shrugged his shoulders, and moved to the door, without which, during this scene, the stranger in the mantle had been waiting. Then, Nicole leading the way, the three took their departure from the house, and the latter disappeared in the gloom, and then, returning to the fireside, vented his vexation in a curse at the poor mother, who had tremblingly resumed her preparations for supper.

CHAPTER III.

MOTHER AND SON.

"Ay, ay," muttered the crone, grumblingly, as she moved back and forth, "ye may curse, but curses will never change what's to be."

"What is that you are saying, old belian?" cried Berthold, reproaching his mother's words.

"What's to be, witch?"

"If I am witch, it's the spell of fiends like that that made me so," rejoined Monna Barbara, in a louder voice, and pausing to confront her brutal son.

"Like dam like cub," cried Berthold, with his sneering laugh. "But pretty Valentine is no fiend at all, I suppose, good witch?"

"Valentine is what he is—and Berthold is what he is," answered Monna Barbara. "But, flesh and blood of mine own, as you are, unnatural boy, Valentine will put his foot on you, sometime, I tell ye."

"Not without this knife-hilt deep in him," cried the elder son, with a savage gesture that made the mother retreat a step.

"I know, old lady, that you love Valentine more than me, and have always taken the young man's part against my first-born. But I'll be even with both of ye yet, or I'm no witch-bron, as the villagers call me."

"What call you that, do they?" gasped the crone, writhing in recollection of the stigma which had for years clung to her like a pestilence, making her as it were a pariah among her kind. "Well, well," she continued, sinking her voice to a low mutter—"it's right—it's right! ill-blood is in both of us!" repeated Berthold, catching part of his mother's last speech. "What do you mean by that? Is there no ill blood in white flesh Valentine?"

"The blood of the lion is not that of the wolf," answered Monna Barbara, using one of her customary figurative expressions.

"Look you, mother of mine," cried Berthold, starting from the stool on which he sat, and striding toward the old woman. "If you like me to see this baby of yours strangled, some day or other, you had best keep a quiet tongue in your mouth about his fine qualities. I doubt not, if your word should do it, that Valentine would be lord of the valley, and Berthold go down to his high mightiness!"

"And no more than right," interrupted Monna Barbara. But she paused in her speech, as she noticed the ominous blackening of Berthold's countenance, and continued in a lower tone:

"What do I get from my eldest but blows and abuse? Who rates me like a galley-slave, and calls me a witch, even as the vile archbishops of the town cry out after me, as I hobble through the market-place?"

"But who drove the jack of them before his stout arm, when they would fain have dragged the 'witch,' as they called her, to do penance on

the church stone? Who cudgled the churls of all the valley, giving no quarter till they promised to molest his mother no longer? Was it smooth Valentine, or the ill-blooded god, Berthold?"

"Nay, my son Berthold, I said not that! No dog-blood runs in thy veins, Berthold," cried the crone, somewhat mollified by the recollection of her son's prowess in protecting her from the superstitious violence of the villagers. "But thy harshness sometimes makes me forgetful of speech."

"And who," resumed Berthold, heedless of the crone's interruption—"who searched for you from sun to sun, when you were lost in the great snows—bawling his throat hoarse, and straining foot and hand, till he found you half-buried, and ready to perish at the bottom of the 'Smuggler's Gulch'?" Was it Valentine or Berthold?"

"No more, no more, son Berthold! You are my child, whom I love, in spite of all things," exclaimed Monna Barbara. "It is bad blood only that keeps us in trouble, for I warrant thou wouldst not see thy old mother harmed by strangers, quarrel as thou wilt with her thyself!"

"Not I," cried the son, with an oath. "But, when the youngster Valentine—"

"Let us speak no more of him," said Monna Barbara. "He'll not be back to-night so break bread in peace, I pray thee, Berthold, and let us forget the bad humor of both of us."

So saying, the mother began to take out with a wooden spoon, from a pot at the fire, the *quazetto*, which it contained—a mixture of meat, onions and vegetables, such as the French call *pot-jour*, and, with the addition of garlic, the Swiss peasants convert into their *disposaida*.

The savory cloud of steam which soon filled the hut, grateful to a sharpened appetite, began to exercise a benignant influence upon the evil temper of the young man, and in a few moments, with the frown banished from his forehead, he became busily occupied in discussing the merits of Monna Barbara's cookery.

The old woman did not partake of the repast, but contented herself with serving the *quazetto* and black bread to her son, and setting before him an earthen bowl of thin wine; after which she retired to her corner near the hearth, where was a nook shaded by the abutting stone which formed a portion of the fireplace, and there, seating herself on a low block of wood, let drop her head into her hands, and watched her son, as he plied his vigorous appetite.

Berthold, on his part, seemed to take no further notice of his mother's presence, proceeding to despatch his meal, till the morsel of stew was sensibly diminished, and no crust of bread remained upon the table. Then lifting the jar of wine, he satisfied his thirst with a long draught.

Apparently this indulgence had restored to him his good humor, for as he rose from the table he said mildly to Monna Barbara:

"Good mother, I am now going to take a short walk, as I have a little business on hand to-night. So when you choose, you may go to rest, and leave me to come home when I am ready."

"You had better remain home, Berthold," replied Monna Barbara; "I like not both of you away all the long hours; and besides, an evil boding to my mind to-night, as if danger threatened the house."

"Take your beads, then, and pray, for I must ever be away, in spite of all presentiments of danger. Believe a prayer or two might not be amiss for each of us."

"There is indeed need of prayer for both, son Berthold," said the mother. "Need that you were not of. But, get ye gone, if you will. My beads may well be convenient to you."

Berthold shrugged his broad shoulders, as the crone proceeded to remove the remains of his supper; but he said no more, till he had attained his leave in a heavy cape of skin and woollen scarf, such as had been donned by Valentine ere he departed, and grasped his staff, preparatory to leaving the hut. Then, turning toward Monna Barbara, he asked:

"Do you recollect, mother, what our Valentine said to Nicole, when I bade the old man take care of harm from him?"

"The boy meant nothing by his words," rejoined Monna Barbara.

"Ay, you'll take part with him, no doubt. Nevertheless, you heard as well as I, that Valentine threatened old Nicole that he should 'repent his words.' Much more was meant there, good mother. I'll warrant me!"

"O, Berthold, Berthold! get thee away, and let me tell my beads! Would that I dared pray our lady to put thee in better mind with all the world! But I fear me, no good will come of you!"

"Like dam like cub," cried Berthold, from the threshold, as he heard the crone's last words. Then with his usual scornful laugh, he hurried away from the hovel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRAY OF THE VALLEY.

THE traveller in the sable cloak, with Valentine and the hunter guide, after leaving Monna Barbara's hut, pursued their way in silence till they reached the old man's cottage, which, as we have said, was distant only a few hundred yards. It stood at the opening of a wide gulch, through which, far up into the mountains, a narrow road extended, skirting the sides of great precipices, and winding beneath rugged walls of rock, whilst high over all, especially at this season of the year, immense shelves of snow and ice hung, apparently self-poised in the air, but ready at any moment to move in fearful avalanches upon the vales below. Through this pass, Valentine was engaged to guide the stranger some half-dozen miles, to a place called the "Huguenot's Altar," and thence downward a half-dozen miles farther to the north, till they reached the neighborhood of the great lower pass, called Il Bocchetta, where, at the period of our story, the grand army of the French Republic, under the youthful General Bonaparte, was

engaged in forcing a passage through the Alps, into the heart of the Genoese territory, thence to overrun like a torrent the whole Italian land. Il Bocchetta was then in possession of the invading army, with which, doubtless, the stranger was connected in some station of rank.

When the three arrived at Nicole's small but neat and comfortable dwelling, they were met at the gate of a little paling which surrounded it by the sprightly figure of Bianca, who had opened wide the cottage door, disclosing the warm, inviting interior, within white walls and floor, and shining hearth, on which blazed a genial fire. The apartment was rendered more brilliant still by the light of a large triangular lantern of thick glass, fixed against the cottage window that looked towards the mountain path. This lantern not only irradiated the cottage, but illuminated with its outward streaming rays the dark walls of rock for quite a distance upward.

But Bianca herself was the true light of old Nicole's home, and the beacon which, more than the lantern or firelight, conducted him homeward with anxious heart, from every mountain journey. For in truth she was a gentle and loving maiden, with a heart full of all guileless feeling, and thoughts pure as the mountain snow-wreaths. Beautiful whilst she was, at least so thought her grand-father; and for the matter of this, all the youths, in a score of miles around, were of the same opinion, which they would have gladly revealed to Bianca herself, had she permitted them so much freedom. But the old hunter's fair grand-child was far from encouraging the gallantry of the youths, choosing rather to be called Nicole's "Star of the Valley," which was the fanciful name his affection had bestowed upon her (because of her watchful tending of the beacon light for him, almost since she was a baby), than to be known by any appellation that a stranger could bestow upon her.

Nevertheless, a shrewd observer might have suspected, from the sudden flush which overspread the maiden's cheek, as she recognized in her grand-father's company the handsome young neighbor, Valentine, that there might, after all, be such a thing as a heart in the little one's breast, and that such a heart was not entirely whole. Perhaps, unfortunately, Nicole noticed this, for he quickly said to his grand-child:

"My stuff, Bianca! I shall go a mile or two with the stranger. It is a mild night, and the walk will do me no harm."

Then, holding the cottage-door half-open, he waited for the maiden to bring the long, iron-shod pole, which the guides and hunters of the Alpine districts are accustomed to carry with them in all their journeys. Indeed, the passage of ridges and chasms in the ice, without such an instrument to support or steady the steps, would be not only hazardous, but very likely, impossible.

The young girl soon equipped her grandsire with everything requisite for his short expedition, not, however, without stealing a glance at Valentine, which was returned by a tender look that playfully discovered the power which she was to be beyond a cure. Old Nicole did not remark this interchange of regards; nevertheless, as Valentine and the stranger preceded him in departing from the cottage, the grand-father lingered a moment, and said in a low tone to the maiden:

"I have something to speak to thee about, when I return, Bianca; and I trust to find thee faithful to my wishes."

As the old guide spoke, he made a slight inclination of his head, in the direction which Valentine had taken; and poor Bianca felt her young heart overshadowed at once with the foreboding of her guardian's opposition to a love which was already in possession of her heart. She dropped her eyes sadly, as she replied:

"I hope ever to be faithful, my dear father!"

"Bless thee, Bianca! bless thee!" murmured the old man, kissing her forehead. Then, grasping his staff, he hurried after the other pedestrians, who had commenced ascending to the mountain pass.

As the latter's last rays extended, and Bianca watched them, till they had passed the point where the latter's last rays extended, and she could no longer discern her grand-father's figure, nor the tall form of Valentine, whom she loved in secret as well as he loved her.

CHAPTER V.

THE MULE-PATH INN.

THE vine-dresser Berthold departed from his dwelling, leaving Monna Barbara to carry out her pious intention of saying a few almost-forgotten aves upon her wooden beads; for in truth, so far from being the Lutheran, as some graceless villagers had proclaimed her, the poor old soul was, as far as she professed any faith, a steadfast believer in the dogmas, rituals, and ceremonies of that ancient church devoutly venerated through all the valley districts. Perhaps the good padre, who had in times past often protected her from the too zealous visitations of the rabble portion of his flock, knew very well that she was a staunch Catholic, or he might not have been so professedly so.

Monna Barbara seldom darkened the door of the village church with the shadow of her ugly person—a laxity of discipline very excusable, however, when the crone's ungainly reputation was taken into consideration.

We may therefore without immediate comment permit Monna Barbara to follow out the dictates of her serious inclinations, contenting ourselves with following the steps, or rather strides, of her promising son Berthold.

These were not directed toward the valley slope, whence glimmered so many beacons of domestic life, from the windows of huts and snug cottages, neither did they conduct in the opposite quarter, where diverged the mountain route, but they led straight on, and straight on, but, striking abruptly from the main road toward the village, about two hundred yards below the cottage of Nicole, the young man bent his course along a rugged pathway which brouch-

ing into the rocky acclivities that formed the first strata of mountain above the narrow but luxuriant plateau, whereon were situated the vineyards cultivated by the valley peasants. Keeping this pathway, which wound deviously through rough and sterile fields, ascending gradually into the heart of the hilly region, Berthold at length reached a wide mountain chert, whence severing the stony pathway, and apparently cutting off all farther progress in the direction he was pursuing. The black depth of this fearful fissure presented an appalling contrast to the white rocks on either side, over which now fell a shower of moonbeams, brightening the icy gash, and then sank muttering away, leaving the desolate scene to resume its silent grandeur.

The vine-dresser paused a moment as the noises multiplied and died away, not in alarm, for he was too accustomed to Alpine existence to be startled by aught less than the convulsion of an avalanche; but simply, as it appeared, to direct his sharp glances across the gulf, and discover, just visible, about a couple of hundred yards distant and below him, the feeble gleam of a light, proceeding, as he well knew, from the casement of an *albergo* or roadside inn, situated on a lonely shelf near a mountain mule-path, penetrating far into the interior of the range of hills that shut in the Val d'Orazio. This mule-path was not in much repute as a secure road for chance travellers, inasmuch as rumor had given to the dwellers in diverse rocky reaches on one side of it a dubious character as respected honesty. In fact, the peasants had long been accustomed to believe that a gang of brigands, whose exploits inspired terror throughout the valley districts, were incessantly fortified in some one of the many impenetrable defiles in the neighborhood; and that it was from such a position they were used to sallies out upon the foot roads leading to and from the neighboring cities, and large companies of travellers, and often engaging boldly and sometimes dispersing the very soldiers sent out to apprehend them.

Whether true or false these rumors relative to the intransigence of the robbers in these particular regions, it was very certain that suspicious fellows, not belonging to the village, had often presented themselves at the fires and church-festivals, and that, on more than one Sunday homily, the worthy padre had warned his youthful hearers (especially the female portion) against lending ear to any strange visitors who might, with the assistance of a jaunty jacket, and free and easy manners, not to say soft speeches and jingling purses, be disposed to ingratiate themselves into the good opinion of his flock. Besides, in truth, nothing but the neighborhood of a sufficiently lone route, and as such had been chosen long ago as a safe avenue for the transport of contraband goods, smuggled over the frontiers of France and Switzerland. It was the better reason for the fact, that the village of the inn, in fact, was a place of no great importance, and as such had been chosen long ago as a safe avenue for the transport of contraband goods, smuggled over the frontiers of France and Switzerland. It was the better reason for the fact, that the village of the inn, in fact, was a place of no great importance, and as such had been chosen long ago as a safe avenue for the transport of contraband goods, smuggled over the frontiers of France and Switzerland.

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Apennines or Alps. Near the door, and the first to encounter his glance as he entered, Berthold held the pretty *sereno*, or landlady, of the hotel, whose name he had called on before his admittance. Bacco was short, thickly-built, with a bull-neck set so solidly upon his broad shoulders that the latter rose somewhat like haunches on either side. His face was a compound of phlegm and stupidity, the stolid look of which was only enlivened by an occasional glitter of his small eyes, which from beneath their heavy brows sometimes volunteered a hint that under their owner's apparent dulness might be sleeping a disposition whose quietness it would scarcely be safe to trust too far. This personage greeted the young man, without rising, or forcing his hand on an earthen flagon which he had just raised to his lips, and from which he proceeded to imbibe a copious draught.

Opposite to the burly Bacco, stood, with her arms bent, and her hands resting on her hips, a sour-visaged, ill-favored woman, of tall figure and thin frame, who rejoiced in the name of Brigita, and the possession of Bacco as her worse but larger moiety. This good lady bent on Berthold the regards of a pair of scrutinizing eyes, accompanied by a wrinkling of the forehead, which plainly showed that the vine-dresser was no especial favorite of hers, whatever he might be of the *oste* himself.

Grouped about the apartment in such attitudes as their custom or case dictated, were a dozen men, at the least, clad in the various garbs of mountaineers, hunters, and gossamers, though the former appeared to predominate. These people were drinking wine, and eating sausages and black bread, at the same time talking loudly, and singing at intervals verses of some rude song, generally illustrative of the charms of just such meetings as the one in which they were now mingling; though sometimes the ballad took an amatory or adventurous turn, and recited the vows of a mountain girl, or exploits of her mountain lover. At the upper end of the room, which was of considerable capacity, was a door leading to an inner apartment, toward which Berthold at once made his way, at a sign from the ponderous Bacco, which assured him that a person whom he sought was in the alcove.

The door alluded to was wide open, and as the vine-dresser reached it, he beheld, just at the other side of the threshold, a small table, at which two persons were seated, amicably sharing a bottle of wine between them, whilst the odor of an aromatic cigar flavored this portion of the alcove with a more agreeable effluvia than that exhaled from the sour wines and stale meats discussed by the company at large.

The first of those companions, whose position exposed his face to Berthold as he gained the door, was a man attired rather jauntily, in a jacket of green broadcloth, set off with broad lapels, to which heavy silver buttons bore an appearance of gaudiness, that was hardly kept in countenance by the rest of his garb. This man was made up of well-worn and discolored leather breeches, coarse boots, exhibiting unsightly thongs, fastening them to the legs, which were short stretched out at length over the floor, and a short embroidered cloak, evidently of somewhat too thin a texture for an Alpine temperature, however it might comport with the gay jacket beneath. The proprietor of this costume, was an individual of at least sixty years, tall and well-shaped, with gray, curled hair, depending upon his shoulders, and with a countenance expressive of much determination.

The second person at the table, whose head was quickly turned about, as Berthold's shadow fell across the threshold, was a young girl, whose small, compact figure was tastefully arrayed in a close-fitting bodice of dark velvet, beneath which a petticoat of dark brown stuff, trimmed with ribbons of a lighter shade than that of her upper garment, fell to the tops of small, fur-trimmed boots, that displayed to advantage the well-shaped feet which they covered. The face of this young girl, as it appeared half-turned towards the young man, was of a fine oval form, and of pure olive complexion. Her forehead was encircled with a sort of coronet of common but quite brilliant blue beads, contrasting with the glossy, black ringlets which they confined, and perhaps borrowing lustre from a pair of flashing eyes that looked out fearlessly beneath them.

Berthold's glance, which had sought that of this young girl, as soon as he perceived her eyes turned toward him, sank the next instant before their fixed gaze, and his voice faltered in a measure, as he addressed the other occupant of the room, with:

"Good evening, *il mio capitano*!"

"Good welcome to you, if you bring news of business, and a draught of good wine, whether or no," returned the man with the gay jacket. "Sit down, *il mio amico*, and Francesca here will fill your cup of Muscat. 'Tis the last of my delicate *vino d'est*, and the saints only know where I shall get more of that—in truth I fear I shall not soon brook to no wine at all, which may St. Germaine long avert!"

Saying this, the worthy proprietor of the short cloak and green jacket crossed himself devoutly, and then continued in a lower tone to the vine-dresser, who was receiving a cup of wine from the hands of the young Francesca:

"And is there nothing promising at all, worthy Berthold?"

"May I speak before your daughter?" asked the vine-dresser, in the same key, throwing a glance toward the girl, who, after filling his cup, had risen from the table, and was now directing her gaze into the outer room.

"And why not before Francesca?" rejoined the other. "She is able to keep her father's secrets. I'll swear to that."

"I but spoke on account of—" commenced Berthold, but he stammered, as he encountered the vine-dresser's turned suddenly on him.

"Tut, comrade! go on with your news, and may the saints grant it bring fortune!" cried the father.

"I doubt not it will, if it be taken advantage of at once," answered Berthold, in the blunt manner which he could give to the assurance. "The news I have is this—that a traveller, who is evi-

dently a signore of distinction, and I doubt not has a sack well-lined with what honest mountaineers can easily find purses for—is but now crossing the north pass, to the 'Huguenots' Altar,' and with our friends the good gossamers and muleteers yonder, you may make what he carries your own before daybreak."

"And now you what he carries, worthy Berthold?"

"I know that he has gold, and that in no silken pouch, but a money-belt such as none wear but they who bear wealth when they travel. I watched closely, and I warrant me this strange lord carries more than has crossed these mountains in many a mile-load that you have risked life to ride, *il mio capitano*."

"Under mine own roof," said the vine-dresser, "let us see what he has, but a couple of hours since, whether my lord must come to show himself, and to engage my good brother Valentine to guide him on his journey. Old Nicolo is with them, but he goes no farther than the 'Huguenots' Altar."

"And how long are they departed, say you?" inquired the other whose roocation doubtless has by this time been divined by the astute reader. As he asked this question, he emitted a short, hissing sound from his lips; which was immediately responded to, by a sudden bustle in the large apartment, and the appearance, a moment after, of three or four men in muleteer garb, at the open door.

"Arm and make ready," was the short command given by the captain, whose countenance had assumed a stern and resolute expression. The men at once retired, and the girl Francesca began to assist her father in his hurried preparations.

"Your brother is to guide this stranger, said you not, Berthold?"

"Ay, captain; and as the boy is of some spirit, it were best if—"

"Ah, fear nothing on that score! I know what you would say, good Berthold; but fear nothing, for no hair of the lad's head shall be hurt—neither the traveller's, for that matter. I am too old now, to spill blood wantonly; we will but relieve the signore of his money-belt, and let him guide us on his journey."

The old brigand concluded these words with a laugh at his own humor; but his mirth was not apparently shared by the vine-dresser, who, to speak the truth, looked as if the assurance just given of his brother's security from danger was not the most pleasing thing in the world to himself. However, he made no reply, while the brigand captain, finishing his preparations, soon stood before him, well-armed, and ready to start.

"They will doubtless reach the 'Altar,' about an hour before midnight, when the moon is at its height," remarked the old man, as he turned toward the outer room.

"I know Nicolo's pace very well," returned Berthold, "and the hour will not vary many minutes from that you mention."

"We shall speedily overtake them, by the male and female," rejoined the captain. "I give you many thanks, worthy youth, for this timely notice, and will bring more than a banial mass of rewarding you, my St. Germaine prosper. Now haste, Francesca, and fill flasks with the last of my *vino d'est*. You shall drink a glass, Berthold, before you return to the village."

"With all my heart, and thanks, *il mio capitano*," said Berthold. So saying, he received a second cup from the hands of the fair Francesca, and at the same instant a quick glance from her eyes, that appeared to communicate to the young man a sudden command, which he acknowledged by an awkward nod, and the spilling of a few drops of wine from his flagon.

"Have a care!" cried the captain, noticing the spilling of the liquor, though not the sign of intelligence exchanged by his daughter and the vine-dresser. "Have a care, youth! You find not such wine as this *vino d'est* in the cellars of Val d'Orazio!"

"In truth, no," said the other, finishing his draught, and returning the flagon to Francesca, not without stealing another look at the young female. "Such wine gives jacket and cloak in the coldest weather. It is given to me, and I give it to you." "Now for the road," said the captain, abruptly. And without further delay, save to press a hasty kiss to Francesca's lips, as they were raised to his own, the old brigand passed into the outer apartment.

Not a single individual, save the host, of those who had crowded the room when Berthold arrived, now remained in the hotel, though they had appeared to be disposed to revel and vie with each other in exertions of vocalism. Bacco, however, still grasped his flagon of wine, and emitted clouds of tobacco smoke from his pipe, formed of Swiss clay, whilst his wife moved incessantly about, placing stools and tables in their places, after the evening's disorder.

The brigand captain knew very well where to look for the stout fellows whom his orders had been issued to recruit, and he waited for the signal for an expedition they knew not nor recked not whether. So, exchanging a brief sentence with Bacco, he tarried no longer in the public room than was necessary to complete his equipments with a beautiful, silver-stocked cravat, which the landlady Brigita fetched him from a secure corner in which it had remained under her charge.

"The saints give you a good return," said Brigita, as the captain received the carbine from her hands.

"Thank you, *il mio ostessa*! And at the next fair I will surely return you. Take good care of Francesca, worthy Brigita."

"Never fear me, captain!" answered the sharp-toothed hostess, as she unbared the door, and gazed into the outer room, where, standing on the threshold a moment, saw a group of dark figures just in the shadow of the house, who moved at once as he appeared.

"Are you all ready, comrades?"

"Ay, captain, and a fine night we have for bray walking."

In five minutes more, the party were moving forward as fast as the mule-paths, in the direction opposite to where Berthold had lately descended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO CONSUMPTION.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Thy lips of wild song! Upon the willow tree
I now suspend them; for my hand no more
May wake thy numbers, as in days of yore;
The sweet blue of thy eyes, as in days of yore—
My soul now contemplates the awful doom
That rolls its waves between me and my God;
But mercy's sun-burn spans those waters o'er.

Consumption, hail! with thy false cloak of bloom,
Thou dost the young look of beauty from the stem,
And trample even the bridal diadem.
Thy victims are the palace and the cot;
Thy fingers touch life's pages but to blot;
Thou wastest for thy brow a wreath of gloom.
Since it must be—approach, thou dreaded one!
Yet come not in terror unto me!
Mercy I crave—if need may be,
Before say web of destiny is done.

Too often I have seen thy shadowy hand
Dash the young look of beauty from the stem,
And trample even the bridal diadem.
Thy victims are the palace and the cot;
Thy fingers touch life's pages but to blot;
Thou wastest for thy brow a wreath of gloom.
Since it must be—approach, thou dreaded one!
Yet come not in terror unto me!
Mercy I crave—if need may be,
Before say web of destiny is done.

Deeper dread! 'tis idle to trace
The rose that on the cheek by sickness pale;
Whispering to loving hearts a dawning tale—
For death is where thy finger dares to stray.
Most softly would it steal from life's away,
Like the expiring taper, calm and still;
Faster of mercy! may it be thy will
To gently lay the springs of life decay!

Then may my ransomed spirit wing its flight
To realms beyond the reach of human rest,
Where life may live once lost—forever blest,
Mantled in radiant dawning as the light.
These dwell within that spirit-lane on high,
Where life the blessed life of heaven is hid;
Here—when thy cruel fingers bid destroy!
Above the dust the winds and blows sigh.

Oh on deep midnight's solemn-breathing air,
Come sounds like harp-soft notes, 't is thou sweet;
With breaking day thy past—also, yet thou sweet;
O, it is hard to watch the hand of death,
And feel the chilling fingers day by day,
Reading life's tender fibres slow away,
And tightly mark the ebbing stream of breath.

We regret to state that our old correspondent as above, is now sinking under consumption.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SYBIL'S PREDICTION.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

LA VINETTE is a beautiful village. You might search through France, and hardly find a prettier. How indeed could it be otherwise, with its fruitful vineyards, its substantial white farm-houses, and its streets lined on either side with varieties of fruit trees! Everything looks so comfortable and homelike, so expressive of peaceful plenty, that it is no wonder that the traveller, as he passes through the village, permits his eye to rest with pleasure upon its neat appearance, and exclaims, "Surely, it is a little paradise!"

After all, I have not named its chief recommendation. Nowhere will you find prettier maidens than those of La Vinette. To be sure, they are not high-born, nor versed in the elegant accomplishments, since there is not one amongst them of higher rank than a farmer's daughter. Fortunately, however, beauty and high birth are not always inseparable, nor do they always go together. At least, there are many a countess who would count no price too great by which she might purchase the charms of Miss Mailard, who outshone all the other maidens of La Vinette as the sun does the stars. For all that, Marie was a great favorite with all her companions. Unconscious of her own superiority, she did not attribute it offensively upon others.

One afternoon it chanced that Marie and several of her companions were returning merrily from the vineyard whither they had been to estimate the probable amount of the coming vintage. All at once, one of them espied in the road an old woman, walking along the road by the help of a staff which she held in her right hand. She turned towards them, and awaited their coming.

"What can we do for you, good mother?" inquired Marie.

"Cross my hand with a silver piece, my pretty maid, and I will tell you your fortune."

"You are a sybil, then?"

"You may call me so. It is given to me to see ere they arrive, the chances which fortune may have in store."

They looked at her with growing reverence, despite her tattered garments and unprepossessing face, but none spoke at first. However much one may wish to know what it is to happen to him or her, he cannot avoid feeling a little reluctance—a little disposition to defer the eventful moment.

"Here, mother," at length said Lizzie, one of the gayest of the party, holding out her hand to the old crone, "you may tell me my fortune. But I must tell you beforehand, that you need not take the trouble to provide me with a husband, as I have vowed to be an old maid."

The sybil took the hand of the laughing maiden, and, after a single glance, fixed her penetrating eyes upon her.

"I see," she said slowly, "a bridal train marching slowly to the village church. Flowers are strewn along the way, over which pass the bridal pair. Need I mention the name of the bride?"

Lizzie drew back with a blush; the sybil was right on that day week she was to stand at the altar. Another took her place, and still another, till Marie alone remained.

"Come, Marie," said the girls, impatiently; "don't keep us waiting. We want to know what your fortune will be. It should be a good one."

Marie came forward and submitted her hand to the inspection of fate. The sybil started as if suspicious that her art had failed her. But a moment's survey dispelled her doubts and she murmured, as if to herself,

"Maiden, a brilliant destiny awaits you. You

will wed a title, and become the mistress of a fair estate. Servants shall be in waiting to do your bidding, and wealth will pour forth its choicest offerings at your feet. Such is the decree of destiny."

"Mother," said Marie, in extreme astonishment, "you have certainly read wrong for once. Such a fate is not for me, and I would not that it were. Enough for me that I settle down in the same position that I now occupy, surrounded by my friends and acquaintances."

"No matter," said the sybil, composedly; "you cannot change the course of events. Wait patiently for their unfolding. Be not apprehensive of evil, for this line, and she placed her withered finger on Marie's palm, "betokens a long life and a happy one."

"I am much obliged to you, mother," said the latter, laughing, "for your favorable prediction, and when I become a countess, I will take care that you are provided for."

"You owe me nothing," was the reply. "I am but the mouth-piece of fate. I may demand the fulfillment of your promise sooner than you think."

"Be it so, mother. When you are entitled to make it, be sure that I shall not withdraw from my engagement."

When the sybil had hobbled away, richer by some francs than before, Marie was bantered not a little by her companions on the destiny which had been marked out for her.

"Which shall it be, Madame La Duchesse, or Madame La Comtesse?" inquired Lizzie gaily.

"I have a good mind," said Marie, "in return for your malice, to steal away your Philip, and marry him myself. In that case, at least, the prediction—"

Lizzie, who would have been very unwilling for Marie to attempt in earnest what she threatened in jest, thought it best to drop the bantering tone she had at first assumed. As for Marie, she thought little of the prediction. To her mind it was so altogether improbable that she did not think it worth while to waste a thought upon it.

The soil of La Vinette is somewhat uneven, though it contains no very high hills. In the northern part there is a little brook flowing over a rocky bed, with considerable impetuosity. Over this stream, which is, however, too shallow to be dangerous, there is a narrow foot bridge for the accommodation of passengers.

It so chanced that about a week after the events above described, Marie, who was just returning from a visit to a neighbor, on the other side of the stream, had occasion to pass over the bridge. Doubtless her thoughts were preoccupied, or she would have been more careful. As it was, her foot slipped when half way across, and she fell in. It was not a very serious affair, but she felt awkward enough, and vexed at the necessity which compelled her to wade through the water. She had hardly picked herself up, when a pleasant voice was heard at her side, saying: "Mademoiselle, permit me to escort you to the other side."

Marie looked up, and encountered the respectful gaze of a young man dressed in working attire, with a broad-brimmed straw hat upon his head. She had time, though it was but a moment, to perceive that he had fine black eyes, and a prepossessing countenance. Not being disposed to prudishness or coquetry, she accepted without hesitation the proffered aid, and was soon upon the bank.

"I am much indebted to you for your kind assistance," said she, casting down her eyes, for she could not avoid noticing that those of the young man were fixed upon her in admiration.

"There is no need, mademoiselle. The obligation is all on my side," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me," he added, after a pause, "whether there is any one in the village who would be likely to employ me upon my farm? Pardon my troubling you, but I am a stranger, and know no one here."

"I think," said Marie, after some hesitation, "that I heard my father say lately that he wished to secure additional assistance. If you would like to inquire, you can accompany me."

"Thank you," said the young man, "nothing would please me better."

They walked along together, conversing sociably. Marie learned incidentally that her companion's name was Henriette Armand, and that he was the only son of a widowed mother, living in a village some twenty miles away, and that it was for the purpose of relieving her necessities and placing her in a more comfortable situation, that he was now about to hire himself out. This information led her to regard Henriette with still greater favor, and she could not help wishing that her father might engage him.

Farmer Mailard was also prepossessed in favor of Henriette, and as he really wished to hire some one to gather in the vintage, and aid in other farm work, it was not long before a bargain was struck, and the new comer was installed as a member of the household. Henriette's after course did not belie these impressions. It was not long before he became a general favorite. When the labors of the day were over, he would get his flute or guitar, for he was versed in the use of both instruments, and play for the entertainment of those who were attracted to him. Occasionally he would accompany himself on the guitar, in a peculiarly rich and melodious voice. These songs were so pleasing that a repetition would often be demanded. On one occasion, having rehearsed a popular song to the general satisfaction, he was pressed to sing it through once more.

"No," said he, "I will not do that, but if you like, I will sing you one of my own composition."

This proposal was received with evident pleasure, and after a moment's pause he commenced,

Know'st thou my love? Her dark blue eyes
Shine with a soft and pleasant glow,
As if the color of the roses
Had found its way to earth below.

Know'st thou my love? When morning comes,
And sunlight on her pathway falls,
She rises up the flower-strewn hill,
Herself the fairest flower of all.

Know'st thou my love? Full well I know
No fairer daisy beneath the sun;
Ah! would that our divided lives
Might in one peaceful current run.

The rich voice of the singer lent much sweetness to the simple words of the song. All applauded the effort—all except Marie. She stood apart from the rest with a pensive and abstracted air, and said nothing.

"Don't you like it, Marie?" asked one of her companions.

"It was very pretty," she replied in a constrained voice. "M. Armand is a good singer." So saying, she went into the house, Henriette not appearing to notice the movement.

"But are the words true? Have you really a lady love, M. Armand?" asked a lively maiden of fifteen. "Come, describe her. What does she look like? What is her name?"

You are altogether too fast," said the young man, smiling. "Don't you know that we poets are not obliged to adhere strictly to the truth. In fact I have usually noticed that those who are in love, are the very last to write songs about it. How do you know but it may be so with me?"

"I don't believe it at all," said the young girl, shaking her head. "You sang with too much feeling for that. Depend upon it I will find out who it is—this love of yours—if I can."

"It is well excepted," said Henriette. "I defy you to the discovery."

From this time Marie treated Henriette with less familiarity and more coolness than she had been accustomed. Her spirits became less buoyant and more sedate. One afternoon, Henriette, in passing through the garden, saw her sitting in an arbor at its foot, with her eyes fixed mainly on the ground.

"It is a fine day, Mademoiselle Marie," said she, approaching her.

She started, for she had not been aware of his approach, and murmured an affirmative. He laid down his pruning-knife, and stepping into the arbor, sat down on a rustic bench at her side. It was now his turn to look embarrassed.

"Marie," said he, after a pause, "there is a question I wish to ask you, but I hardly know how to set about it. Will you promise not to be offended?"

"I do not think you would ask any question which would render it necessary."

"Tell me then why for some days past you have seemed to avoid me, and when in my presence, have shown a reserve and constraint altogether different from the friendly familiarity you used to evince. Have I offended in any way? If so, I will gladly make reparation, for I value your regard and good opinion highly."

"There is nothing in which you have offended me," said Marie, in a tremulous voice.

"I am glad of it," said Henriette, his face brightening, for it emboldened me to make still another request. I love you, Marie," he added, impulsively. "I love you most devotedly. You must have noticed it in my looks, and every action. Do you remember the evening when I sang by request a song, 'Know'st thou my love'?"

It was of my own composition, as I said. Did you not divine, dear Marie, that it was of you I was singing?"

Marie started with surprise, and a blush of pleasure mantled her features.

"Was it indeed of me that you were singing? I thought—that is, I did not know—"

Marie did not finish the sentence. Henriette perceived at a glance that herein lay the secret of her apparent estrangement, but with true delicacy he forbore to speak of it.

"May I hope," he asked, timidly, "that I am not wholly indifferent to you? I am poor, it is true, but the recent legacy of a relative has given me the means of supporting you in comfort."

"If you think me worth taking," said Marie, with engaging frankness, "you may have me." When the engagement of Henriette and Marie became known, it was universally pronounced to be an excellent match. It was a mooted question which was the more fortunate, the bridegroom or the bride.

"I shall never more believe in fortune-telling," said Marie one day to Henriette, as she sat busily employed in preparations for her approaching marriage.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because," was the reply, "it was foretold me that I should wed a title, and become mistress of a fair estate."

"Was that the prediction?" he asked, in surprise. "Who told you?"

"A sybil who was passing through the village. But I put no credit in it. I told her that if ever it should come to pass I would provide for her."

"And are you sure that you do not regret the non-fulfillment of the prediction?"

"Can you ask that?" said she, reproachfully.

It was the bridal morning. The sun shone out with more than ordinary splendor, as if to do honor to the occasion. Before the altar of the humble village church stood reverently Henriette and Marie, and the white-haired priest pronounced with trembling voice the sacred words which united them. The nuptial blessing was scarcely over when an old woman bent with infirmity passed up the aisle and stood before the bride.

"I have come to claim your promise," said she. It was the old soothsayer.

"But," said Marie, in a low voice, "it was played on my marrying a title. You see I have not done so. You were wrong."

"Rather," said the old woman, raising her voice, "it is you who are wrong, Madame La Comtesse."

"What can the mean?" asked Marie, looking towards her husband with surprise.

"She is right, Marie," said he, gently. "In me behold not Henriette Armand simply, but Count Henriette D'Armand, the possessor of much wealth, but of none more precious than yourself. Listen, and I will explain all. Being desirous of securing country life, in its varieties, and mingling in it without being known, I found my way to your village with my wife. The rest you know. Will you forgive me?"

It is needless to say that pardon was accorded, and that Marie granted the high station to which she had been elevated. Her promise to the sybil was fulfilled to the letter.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
WOMAN'S HEART IS ALWAYS KIND.

BY WILLIAM KESTON.

When youth's impetuous ardor role,
And reason recks not every road,
And busy hours pass in the set,
By many a hasty, daring deed,
Plunging the door in the pool
Of sad regret and friendly need—
That hasty, impetuous youth will find
A mother's heart is never unkind.

But, if the soul has been beguiled
To doubt of passion or of crime;
If treachery not in vain has smiled,
Till written the victim in his crime;
If murder ever brands the child,
Doomed in the cell to note his time—
Yes, then the penitent will find
How long a mother's heart is kind.

In yonder lonely, meagre cot,
There dwells a patient, suffering wife;
Her only love is none but she;
Returning nightly full of strife,
Their little children love him not,
Her old alone preserve their lot;
O Heaven, that it might pierce his mind
How much a woman's heart is kind.

But wife and mother are not all
Who show the truth of fate would sing;
Mere one some sudden, blighting fall,
To soothe him she the sister bring,
The sick, the dying, bed the pall,
Flowers on the grave, the tears, the thing,
Displays to every noble mind,
The heart of woman always kind.

O ye, who sometimes think ye see
In your companion's will or way,
Perseverance that should never be,
While retaliation stay;
Contrary gales ne'er calm the sea,
Nor will contending still a fray.
Look deeper, ye perchance may find
That woman's heart, 'em there, is kind.

And ye—O shame! ye have no shame,
Or ye could not so faintly dare;
But all, whatever be your aim,
Give not a gentle one to give.
Although it suits not your fame;
Last often, till life's latest care,
This meek truth shall haunt your mind;
Pure woman's heart is always kind.

And likewise ye, whose gentle form
Is wont to make our homes to smile,
O just to cut the gentle grace
That may harsh griefs and care beguile.
Still have we need of the woman's heart,
Look not with longing back meanwhile;
Meek vengeance—keep still in mind,
True woman's heart is always kind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WIDOW HUNTING.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

EVERYBODY told Mr. Peregrine Puffer that he ought to be married. He felt himself aware of the truth of the statement, but then he had been so often advised by a prudish aunt and a fastidious mother, "not to take a crooked stick at last," that really Mr. Puffer had lost all confidence in his own opinion of the feminine gender. This feeling had been increased the more since he never mentioned the name of a young lady, a widow or a maiden, past her teens, but some serious defect in her was immediately alluded to by his friends. "You friend began seriously to look about himself. Plenty of young girls floated before his fancy; but he knew he should be tired of them in less than a month—a host of worthy spinners well endowed passed before him, but how could they keep an amiable intercourse with his mother and aunt? Besides warning this son and nephew of "the crooked stick," another old maxim was forever sung in his ear, "let 'em should jump from the frying-pan into the fire,"—a transition truly to be dreaded, and much to be feared in Mr. Puffer's case.

A widow, therefore, seemed to be the only proper personage to introduce into this trio—a woman who had passed the glaze of fashionable life, who had seen the world in its varieties, and become tamed by its afflictions and affluence. But what a difficult task to find such a prodigy! There were enough who wore widow's caps and nice bombazine dresses, and carried long faces, and talked about the absurdity of second marriages for the first month of their widowhood, and there was no scarcity of the class who had a set of hopeful olive plants around their tables; but Mr. Puffer wanted a widow whose eyes were in search of a widow of a "suitable age," of lively temperament, good address, and above all, a prime requisite would consist in her having a handsome fortune to add to his own, for he reasoned on this wise: "My thirty thousand is ample for me as I now conduct affairs, but I am tired of business, shall never add much more to my principal, and of course should desire to keep my mother and aunt in their present comfortable situation, while my wife and I should enter upon a more eligible style of living." Ex-

cellent plan, Mr. Puffer. You will be all the happier to make two establishments.

Our bachelor friend now went more into society. Indeed, he found no difficulty in making his way where widows, and misses, and maids composed the circle. But how to make a proper selection became to him a most difficult subject. There was Mrs. Blandish, one of the prettiest women in the city, ever looked upon; so graceful, so charming in conversation; so prone to consult Mr. Puffer—but she had half a score of children, and all the property by her late husband was secured to them in case of the widow's second marriage. Mr. Puffer seemed to regret that circumstance.

Then there was Mrs. Primrose, a dear, lovely woman who looked divinely in crease—she was young, too, and such a sweet expression lay upon her features; but Mr. Primrose's estate it was thought would be declared insolvent, and this fact neutralized all her charms. Mr. Puffer thought she would make a capital housekeeper, but as a wife, why a fortune with a wife might be as well added to one in her.

Puffer was sitting in his counting-room one day talking with an old customer upon his favorite subject of marriage (by the by, this is generally the subject when men arrive at the conclusion to commit the deed, when Watkins, the customer, recalled, "I know a woman number one in our town that will suit you, my friend.") Puffer picked up his ears, pulled up his dicky, and inquired, "Is she a widow?"

"To be sure she is—a green widow—husband hasn't been dead about six weeks, and she buried the baby about ten days ago. She's very lonesome like now, and needs somebody to cheer her up and take care of her money."

"How much money has she?" eagerly inquired Puffer.

"Some reckoned Honeyman her husband at seventy-five thousand, but I rather guess fifty will cover it. However, there's enough to take care of both of you."

"Is she pretty?" inquired the bachelor.

"Not one in our town ever went ahead of her on that score. I wish you could have seen 'em the very last Sunday the squire and she went to church—he was as straight as a gun barrel, and as fine appearing a man as you ever saw; and my eyes never looked upon a prettier creature than his wife. She was high bred and born, and a real lady; one of the most agreeable women I ever spoke to in my life—no proud, haughty airs, I tell you."

"And does she live alone?" inquired Puffer.

"Why, since her husband died, his aunt and a nephew stay with her just transiently. I 'spose, while her deep grief hangs about her. You see, her husband and child dropped away awful sudden with a fever."

"And do you really think the widow Honeyman would make me a suitable companion for life, Mr. Watkins? Worth fifty thousand, you say, without child or child, or any encumbrance; owns a delightful residence in your village; is pretty, lady-like, etc. I wonder when would be suitable for me to drop down along shore, and say you a visit, sir?"

"Well, I suppose you must wait awhile for decency's sake. Let her raise her veil once or twice and I'll report to you."

A new prospect thus suddenly opened to our bachelor's view. A beautiful scene rose before him—thirty thousand and fifty added—eighty thousand was enough for any man—well invested, it would yield a sum of five thousand annually; this would clearly support two establishments; he should be the only one in the country his wife would own for a summer residence; it would be more healthy for his wife and—the children (Heaven, what a calculation), and they could board in the city during the winter months. This was just what he desired. How fortunate it was he held this conversation with Watkins. He should make him a present of a pipe of Madeira if it turned out as he represented. A more than a dozen times in a day, did Mr. Peregrine Puffer look into his mirror in order to decide what improvement could be made upon his outer man. He made his way to his dentist, and had every cavity filled, every charm supplied, and every root extracted, and most vigorous cleansing process applied, so that when he laughed heartily he could challenge anybody of his age with a better set of ivory. His hair dresser gave a lively appearance to his dried, smoke colored hair, and his whiskers had as graceful a curl as any bachelor could wish—the crown's feet had no very deep lodgment under his eyes, and he thought, by gaining flesh and subsisting on the most nutritious diet, they would finally disappear—but nature and art, Mr. Puffer, are often disappointed.

Why, our Paddy "smarts up" now, and seems so gay and amiable-like," nervously pulled Aunt Patty at home, and so seriously did she rally him upon the subject that he found confession was the better part of valor, and so he made a clean breast of it, and told his mother and aunt all about his determinations. Now, nobody can tell how many stumps they threw in his way; how many queries they started when alone, as to the nature of this change, and its effect upon their condition; whether "Paddy" would not transfer all his affections to his new wife, added to which, Aunt Patty felt a desire to knock something of the stock, "for it would be an awful thing for our Paddy to get cheated at last," was her continual cry; so she actually made a visit to the south shore to ascertain the whereabouts of the Widow Honeyman, and the fact was never made public, and undoubtedly resulted in great satisfaction.

We never can describe under what happy auspices Mr. Peregrine Puffer made his first country expedition. The contents of his valise showed that no ordinary landress had been employed, and then the tailor made of him a perfect man in a perfect fit. It did seem as if such propitious circumstances never fell to the lot of any man. But we will let him tell his own story in his own graphic manner when he actually found himself on the spot:

"My dear Mother and Aunt,—Well, knowing your anxiety about me, I hasten to re-

live it. I arrived at friend Watkins' in fine condition. Am treated like a prince. Went to church where I first saw Mrs. Honeyman deeply veiled and very reverent. At evening called with friend Watkins upon her ladyship. By the mighty powers, she looked like an angel! The whole was not half told me; she was very gracious, no prudish reserve, no bold demeanor, but such a winning affability that I felt at home at once in her presence; yet there was a profound palpitation in my ears, and to save my life I could only speak in a sort of trembling tone, which I apologized for with a suppressed cough, as if trying to regain my voice. We stopped nearly two hours, and the widow pressed my hand upon leaving, and said, 'Mr. Puffer, as you are to remain in town a few days, do me the favor to call again.'"

"Do me the favor!" Well, I shall do it—but I'm half engaged already. They say the estate is upwards of fifty thousand, and to secure that, of course you will think me right in remaining."

Extract from the second letter: "Mrs. Honeyman has just been telling me of the admirable traits of her late husband. She clings to his memory, but I am gradually wedging my way into his confidence. You cannot hurry these matters with sensible widows—they immediately suspect you have an eye to their property."

"Don't fret about me, Aunt Patty."

And again: "I went to a little gathering at Mrs. Honeyman's last evening made on purpose for me. She presided like a queen. I wonder if she would look so pretty out of her weeds. I don't believe she's a day over twenty-five. Plenty of money—that makes the gray mare the better horse—is a true vulgarism. Well, what will you say when I tell you I've proposed, and my case is under consideration? Of course my dear lady remarked, 'no pecuniary advantages can stimulate you, Mr. Puffer, around this step,' and I repeated the idea with a shudder. But then she weeps over her loneliness, and has expressed herself as unable to decide what is best for herself, and playfully remarked she needed a guardian."

"I do not think we had better make one family. You must be aware, Aunt Patty, that these relatives in law seldom harmonize; and as we have a sufficiency without doing so, let us improve it. Honeyman left over a fortune of thirty thousand, that's a sum that does not always go with a widow. It will not be necessary for me to make but one more visit, before consummating our union. Our engagement is all out, and to say I'm the happiest man alive, don't tell the whole story."

To say that Mr. Paddy Puffer had grown ten years younger since he only to assert what everybody said since his engagement. And now he was about retiring from business with a good reputation, and who but wished him to realize all his fancy suggested awaited him! Aunt Patty once looked forward with hope, and only once was she heard to repeat, "Paddy, remember there's a man's slip, 'twere the cap and the lip," but she wouldn't have been Aunt Patty, without a state maxim on her tongue.

A week previous to his wedding-day, Mr. Puffer visited his lady-love to remain till the deed was done. When, however, he waited upon the town clerk for his certificate, what was his surprise to be interrogated, whether the nephew of Mr. Honeyman was to take immediate possession of his uncle's wealth?

"I suppose," he quickly remarked, "you are aware, sir, the property of the late Mr. Honeyman, upon the marriage of his widow, reverts to his sister and her son, after allowing an annuity of two hundred dollars to his widow."

Puffer sat down. He could not stand upright. Was it not a hoax? He searched the records, found the will, and the above statement was correct. Was ever a man in such a predicament? It was too late to repent. He was about to marry for money, and it was a righteous retribution. And he did marry, and took his wife after all to his own home; and we would rather draw the curtain here, and leave our readers to anticipate the disappointment of all the parties concerned, and the struggle to make each other happy which ensued; but we would look just far enough into the future to caution every man who marries for money, "to look before you leap."

At our last accounts, Mr. Peregrine Puffer had resumed business, and his wife was a real fortune after all; proving the fact that many a penniless woman carries a greater treasure to a husband in her estimable qualities than a mine of gold could procure for him.

A FEAIR CIRCULAR. The Rev. Dr. Hawks, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestry-men of a small church of Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The doctor graciously received the committee but respectfully declined the proposition, as a chief objection, that the salary, though large, was not commensurate with the duties, and that his expenses, having a considerable family of small children to educate and provide for. One of the committee replied:

"The Lord will take care of them; he has promised to lead the young ravens when they cry, and provide for them."

"Very true," said the reverend gentleman; "but, to see what quarter the power is in the young ravens."—N. Y. Pioneer.

A WICKED WAG. Some wag lately conceived to voluntary imprisonment a respectable elderly gentleman of Exmouth, who labors under arthritic complaints. In the garden fronting the invalid's house a flag-staff is erected, with a vane on the top, a view of which he commands from his sitting-room window. Daily the wind whistles, and he avoids going out of doors as much as possible. Our wicked hero took an opportunity to tell his son-in-law, that he had a hammer and nail fastened the vane due east. The consequence was, the old gentleman, returning to the vane every morning, as was his wont, to see what quarter the wind was in, not suspecting anything was wrong, was kept indoors thirteen days after it had changed.—Glasgow Observer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
SUMMER.

BY JOSEPH W. STE.

Summer, lovely queen, be here,
Bounteous things her steps attending;
Crown with glory now the year,
Thousand harmonies be blending.
Summer's attire—joyous Spring,
Followed on the south wind's blowing;
Blessed return on lightning wing,
When old Winter ceased his blowing.

Spring, the summer's harbinger,
Strewed her sister's path with flowers—
Bled the stagnant forces stilt,
Waked to life the sun and showers.
Summer looks with beaming eye,
On the earth, now robed in gladness;
Must this scene, so beautiful, die,
Ceasing us to mourn in sadness?

Must stern Winter come again?
Must the earth, to his cold roiling,
And again be chilled to ice?
In bondage be replying?
Yes, indeed, it must be so,
Ordered by the wise Creator;
All the seasons truly show,
His great love for every creature.

Half we then yearn's glorious doom,
Now in joy and beauty sighing,
Who, amid this dancing scene,
Would of life be found complaining?
Yet there is a world more bright,
Where the summer shines eternal—
Filling all with pure delight,
On those fields forever vernal!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A COLD RECEPTION.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

JACK FINNIKIN was over head and ears in love with Miss Louisa, the only daughter of Dr. Galen Lancet, whose famous establishment for the cure of hydrophobia and lunacy, situated in the pretty town of B—, some four miles from Boston, everybody of the past generation must have heard of—it is no longer extant. Jack fell in love about the time he found himself half through the property left by his uncle Plummin, and pulled up in his career of dissipation with a very short jolt. His reformation was so sudden that nobody believed in its sincerity except Louisa—her father had no faith in the change, and forbade him the house. The lovers corresponded through a chambermaid and hoped for better times.

In this state of affairs, Jack's cousin, Humphrey Jorkins, from the "rural districts," turned up in Boston. He was a good-natured, thick-headed fellow, steady as a clock, also an heir to uncle Plummin, coming in for a larger share than Jack, and he now came to Boston for the sake of getting polished—a process that in his case would have been something like reducing a granite boulder to the size and texture of a cornelian, with emery powder. The worthy body, blushing like a June peony, announced to his cousin that he had fallen in love with "a most angelic creature," in the coach from Montreal to Boston. He hadn't spoken a word to her, but had sat devouring her with his great green eyes, and he had been shrewd enough to find out her name and where she lived. He was determined to make siege to her in due form, and first secure her parents by a statement of his finances. Jorkins certainly understood tactics. Jack approved his cousin's plan, and he went to his room where he learned that the lady was no other than his own Louisa!

"My dear fellow," said he, after a moment's thought, "I'll put you in the way of winning this prize."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"My dear fellow!"

"I'll give you a letter of introduction to her father. He lives at B—, only three or four miles from here."

"My dear Jack!"

"It's nothing, my boy. The old fellow's quite eccentric—in fact, a little cracked in the upper story, and all his friends humor him. You may be very particular how you approach him. The way is to rush into his arms and embrace him—he affects French manners. Squeeze him tightly, and if you could contrive to lift him off his feet, it would be so much the better."

"But I'll give him a hug like a bear!" exclaimed Humphrey.

"Now then—excuse me while I write the letter."

Jack wrote a letter of introduction and sealed it carefully.

"There, Humphrey," said he, "you'll have no reason, I think, to complain of the coldness of your reception."

But before delivering the letter, it was necessary that Jorkins should be fashionably attired, and he left the selection of his costume to the experience and taste of his cousin. Need we say that a ready-made suit of the most extravagant character was selected? What man can resist the temptation of rendering a rival ridiculous in the eyes of his mistresses?

"Show yourself a man of consequence," said the perillous Jack. You will see the doctor's man over the hill. Ring furiously—even if you break the wire it'll do no harm—the doctor will be tickled by it."

An hourly clock set down our unfortunate suitor at the gate of the doctor's house, a pretty cottage abutting on a lot of land enclosed in a very high brick wall, over which the slated roof of a second building was visible, together with the tops of some ornamental and fruit trees.

Jorkins run the bell so savagely that the handle came out, and he was standing with the wire in his hand when the little doctor, a keen-eyed man in spectacles, made his appearance.

"Hallo!" said he to himself, after a sharp glance at his visitor. "Another customer, I see!"

"Doctor Lancet?" inquired Jorkins.

"The same, at your service."

True to his instructions, Jorkins flew into the

doctor's arms, and squeezed him till his ribs cracked.

The doctor uttered something very like an oath. Jorkins released him and delivered his letter. The doctor tore it open and read silently as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—The bearer of this is an unfortunate and afflicted member of my family—Humphrey Jorkins, Esq. He has lately come into a fortune which has turned his brain—never at any time particularly strong. He fancies himself in love with every one he meets, and I have induced him to visit your asylum by holding out the hope of an introduction to your daughter. Please secure him, for he is really not in a state to be trusted to himself."

"Respectfully yours, JOHN FINNIKIN."

"Mr. Jorkins, I'm very happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the doctor, taking hold of his visitor's wrist, and pulling out his watch at the same time. "Now, then! pulse two hundred and twenty-five! very high cold water! I see."

"Pray, sir, what have you built such very high walls round your garden for?" asked Jorkins.

"To secure my birds," replied the doctor, with a smile.

"Your birds! won't they fly over?"

"Ah! I have cages for the refractory ones," said the doctor; "but we allow the tame ones to run about the garden."

"Pray, sir, how do you like this waistcoat?" asked Jorkins, abruptly, flinging open his coat to display a gorgeous vest pattern.

"Vastly well, sir," replied the doctor; "but I should choose one of a different pattern—I have a nicer one I think would fit you."

"Isn't your daughter fond of showy colors?" asked Jorkins.

"Not very," replied the doctor, drily; "but we were not speaking of my daughter."

"Sir—Dr. Lancet—I can't help speaking of her!" cried Jorkins. "Sir, I adore her!"

"Well—well—we'll see about that directly," said the doctor. He stepped at the window, and made certain signs to some person or persons within.

"I shall see her," cried Jorkins, strutting about the gravel walk like an insane peacock.

"She will be struck with the change in my appearance. Fine feathers make fine birds," said the doctor; "but she'll accept! Ha! I hear steps in the house. The angel's coming!"

The door of the house suddenly opened and two men rushed out. The doctor pointed with his cane to Jorkins. In an instant he was seized and pinioned in a straight jacket, in spite of his astonished cries.

"Shave his head—shower-bath—bed!" said the doctor, waving his cane, and away went the unfortunate in the hands of the familiars of this grand infirmary.

The fair Louisa happened to take a walk that afternoon, without informing her father that she was going out; she happened to meet Jack Finnikin driving a coach, and he changed to her invitation to take a ride—and it so happened that he did not return home that night.

The next afternoon, however, Jack made his appearance at the doctor's, with a tearful lady hanging on his arm, whom he introduced as Mrs. Finnikin.

The doctor stormed and raved, and then when the young couple went down upon their knees in true theatrical style, suddenly relented, like a stage father, and gave them his blessing. Louisa was of age, and if she chose to throw herself away, it was no affair of his.

"And now, doctor," said Jack, when the scene was over, "I must beg you to liberate my poor cousin Humphrey. He is no more mad than you or I. I needn't remind you that desperate cases require desperate remedies. He was a formidable rival, and I had to get rid of him."

"It was a rascally trick," said the doctor, "but I'll let him out. We won't acknowledge he was sane though—and we'll get a certificate of a hopeless case effected by the shower-bath, in a wonderful case of lunacy, in twenty-four hours."

Jorkins emerged from druncheon, raving, vengeance, but as he was really the best-natured fellow in the world, the intervention of Louisa secured Jack's pardon, and the "cold reception" was forgotten as well as forgiven.

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.

"Don't get inside the rear," said Mrs. Partington, as Isaac showed a disposition on arbitrary day to break by the restraining constabulary force, and had actually made up a face at the back of one of those functionaries who had just passed by him. "Don't get inside the rear, dear, for we can see the corpse just as well here, as at their revolutions."

"Are you aware," said Old Roger, who stood by her side, "that there is not one of the original members of that company left in it?" and he looked in her face just as grave as the Granary burying ground.

"You don't say so?" said she, astonished at the information, knowing that the company was only a mere infirm, in its two hundred and fifty members, and that the company was a fact, with a tremendous wink at an ex-warden who stood near. "Well," continued she, with a half pout at the well, as if she were drinking in something, "it is a serious thing to arrive upon the past—but what upon earth are they doing now?" she asked, as the old officers proceeded to make such a fuss about the new ones proceeded to take theirs. She was informed of the fact. "Well," said she, "I don't see what they want to make such a fuss about resigning for, for I guess everybody else will be resigned about it. But what handsome men they are, and what pretty jewels they make. I dare they are speaking on Banker Hill, and then things that rogues are always thinking about. You'd better add a body, and done with it!"

Jorkins run the bell so savagely that the handle came out, and he was standing with the wire in his hand when the little doctor, a keen-eyed man in spectacles, made his appearance.

"Hallo!" said he to himself, after a sharp glance at his visitor. "Another customer, I see!"

"Doctor Lancet?" inquired Jorkins.

"The same, at your service."

True to his instructions, Jorkins flew into the

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATHEW M. BULLOCH, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"A Traveller's Story," by ROSE HAYWARD.
 "Sensations," a humorous description, by the Old Dr.
 "The Comedy of Sells," a Tale of Greece, by ALAN DE MILLS.
 "The Hidden Camera, or the Hunter's Escape," a story by T. W. DILLON.
 "Savage Illustrations," a sketch by GLENN LA FAYE.
 "Satan," by Dr. G. DAY, DAYBURY.
 "Powers," a poem by J. P. HAYES.
 "Love in the Desert," verses by WILLIAM SHANLEY.
 "The Suppliants," stanza by ALFONSO.

ARTICLES RECEIVED.
 "To My Laid," "Old Oaken," "Twilight Musings," "The Lover's View," "My Resignation," "To Ellen," "Take Up," "The Lured One," and "Your Letter."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Nicholas I. Pavlovich, or, to call him by his official title, "Alexander and the Russian, Emperor of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland," etc., is the third son of the assassinated Emperor Paul I. by his second wife, Maria Fedorovna, a daughter of Duke Frederick Eugene of Wurttemberg, and was born in St. Petersburg, on the 6th of July, 1796. He was the ninth of the ten children of Paul, by that princess, and was but four months old when his father ascended the throne, from which Catherine II. had kept him for thirty-two long years. The two eldest sons of Paul were Alexander and Constantine, and these, and not Nicholas, did the world look upon as the successors to the imperial throne. It has been asserted that, though a child at the time, the assassination of his father made a lasting and terrible impression on his mind. He and his younger brother, Michael, were sleeping in the apartments of the empress on the night of the murder. The noise in the palace, the clang of arms, and the rude voices of men, woke the mother, who, tearing the young grand duke (this is the name of all Russian princes, the successor to the throne being called the hereditary grand duke) from her beds, was hurrying with them towards the rooms of the emperor, when the assassin met by one of the conspirators, Count Pahlen, who pushed her and the children back again into their apartment, with the laconic assurance, in French, "There is no danger for you, madame." "And my husband?" cried the unfortunate princess.

Here the door was shut upon her, and Paul I. was no longer with the living. This happened in the old Michailows palace, which was shut up and never opened since the reign of Alexander. Nicholas had opened, and passed through the rooms once during his reign. Since then, the rooms in which the murder was committed have remained closed. The rest of the palace is now used for a military school, which, however, is seldom visited by the emperor, who is frequently inspecting all similar institutions. The early education of the young prince, as Nicholas, especially in the history department. Greater proficiency he obtained in the mathematical and military sciences, and in music. It is said that he even shone as a composer of marches. His feelings were less cultivated, and he was, even as a child, secluded, earnest and taciturn. He was educated for the army, and became, at a very early period, a great disciplinarian, though, during his whole life, he never assumed the command in actual war.

At the age of twenty-one, the Grand Duke Nicholas married Princess Charlotte of Prussia, aged nineteen, very similar to him in disposition, though far better educated than himself, and as a woman, educated as faultlessly handsome as Nicholas was a man. They were considered the handsomest couple in Europe, and what at first was merely a political marriage, became afterwards one of sincere and devoted mutual attachment. They occupied the Arminshof palace, nearly a mile distant from the "Winter Palace" (the residence of the court), entirely devoted to each other, and but seldom appearing in court circles. The birth of the Grand Duchess Maria (subsequently Duchess of Leuchtenburg) within one year after this marriage, and of Olga (now wife of the crown prince of Wurttemberg), exhibited Nicholas as a model of father and husband to all Europe. He took little or no interest in the politics of the day, but divided his time between his duties as chief inspector of the military staff, and those he owed his family. Even in 1839, Cautin, in his work, "Russia in 1839," said of Nicholas, "The emperor forgets his majesty only in the domestic circle. Here he remembers that there are pleasures and joys independent of the duties of statesmen."

The first administrative act of Nicholas was to give Russia a thorough military organization. He created one hundred and twenty general aides-de-camp, whose privilege it is to inspect the books and papers of every civil bureau in the land, and to whom all civil officers are at all times accountable. Then he created a triple police, the highest grade to centre in the imperial chancery, and to be charged with the safety of the emperor's person, and the surveillance or supervision of all higher administrative officers, as well as persons in high society. The codification of the Russian laws was decreed in 1827, but not accomplished till 1846; and the attempt of the emperor to introduce honesty and economy into the different branches of the government, had, as yet, met with but very little success. Nicholas is not sufficient of a modern statesman to introduce organic reforms; he has, as yet, only increased the terrors of punishment of those who transgress against his will.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

A very important invention has been laid before the Commissioners of Banking at Stockholm, by Count P. A. Sparre. The invention is two-fold; he counterfeits with incredible exactness the bank notes of his country, and other which he himself cannot imitate. An observer who has witnessed the process says: "When one sees Count Sparre with his simple machinery, which any one may manage with the greatest ease and facility, prepare in a few minutes the bank paper in use, which is made of three different laminæ, and in this give, without the slightest difficulty or even exertion of artistic skill, the finest water-marks in perfection, and then follow the preparation of the paper by a simple and merely mechanical process, but which gives again the printing and engraving absolutely perfect—he feels a strange sensation at the thought of being participant in the secrets of the art which, in less conscientious hands, might ruin all our banks and produce utter and irreparable ruin in our credit system."

Count Sparre, in his memorial states that his process, if it does not render counterfeiting utterly impossible, at all events increases its difficulty to almost that degree, and offers to furnish the bank with all its notes for the sum of 25,000 thalers (\$18,000 per annum, which is about one half its present expense for paper. The commissioners have referred the question to a committee of scientific men. In the meantime, Count Sparre is to visit England and other countries to bring his inventions to the notice of the mercantile public.

By the way, we see it stated that two skillful and ingenious artists in New York have conceived a new plan for making bank notes, and have commenced making a specimen with the confident belief that bills by this new method cannot be counterfeited or altered. This new plate will present some curious and entirely novel combinations of art and science, which will be the subject of a patent, both in this country and Europe. The inventors know that they cannot imitate their own plate, and are therefore sure that it cannot be counterfeited by others. Although the means of producing the plate will be the most difficult and complex conceivable, yet, when printed, it will carry on its face the simplest marks of recognition and identification; so simple and so plain indeed, that any person of the most ordinary capacity, can readily, and with certainty, determine its true character. The inventors expect to be able to submit this specimen to all interested before the close of the year.

JAPAN.

It is a fixed fact, says a Washington correspondent of the Ledger, that Russia has made no treaty with Japan, and that we are the first nation which, after a lapse of nearly three centuries, is again allowed to trade with the people of that singular country on even terms. The Dutch trade to Japan amounts to but one or two vessels a year, and is carried on under such restrictions of a personal and commercial character, as would lead to collisions, were they attempted to be enforced against one of our Yankee captains. The Japanese were an honest, confiding people, allowing Europeans to reside among them, and establish factories, on the English and Spanish took it into their heads to fight their naval battles in the neutral port of Jeddo, and until the Christians, who were themselves only tolerated in Japan, became, in their turn, the fanatical oppressors of the natives. If we would profit by the example of the past, we must enjoin on our merchants, captains, and supercargoes, the strictest honesty in all their dealings, and a careful abstinance from all religious controversies.

A FRENCH SUICIDE.

A horrible case of suicide is related in the Paris journals. One Sunday afternoon, lately, and just as a large crowd was issuing from the Hippodrome, the pavement near the young man standing upon the top of the Arc-de-Triomphe, drew all the eyes around him by shouting "per!" or look out there below! He then took off his hat, placed in it a purse of money, and the next instant jumped from the giddy height. The second platform brought him up stunned for a moment; but recovering his strength and sense, again shouting "per!" he made a second leap. He fell to the pavement near a soldier, crushed and lifeless, and his body was at once taken to that show-case of suicide and murder, the Morgue. There must have been five thousand persons present when this horrible scene was enacted.

THE Czar.—In his last letter from Paris to the New Orleans Picayune, George W. Kendall, remarking that, since the creation, such a fearful accountability has never before rested upon any one man as upon the Emperor Nicholas, says: "Alexander, Caesar, and even the great Napoleon, living in the times they did, may have had some justification for deluging the world with blood; but Nicholas, who seems to have set out upon the same career, has none—he cannot come into the execution of his plans and plead any excuse for his conduct that will hold before a jury of honest rulers—he cannot prove that he is not the common disturber of a tranquillity of forty years' duration."

HYDROPHOBIA.—A young man named William Newcomb, of Iowa, who a short time since was bitten by a dog, died in that town, on the 8th ult., with hydrophobia, leaving a wife and two young children. But the dogs are harmless, of course they are!

THE WORKER ABUSED.—As a brutal carter was thrashing a poor-jaded horse, a few days since, at Sunderland, Georgia, a large Newfoundland dog seized him by the throat, and threw him to the ground.

WARNING.—A little child died in Boston last week from the effects of a sun stroke. Parents who send their children out in cars of domestic, cannot be too careful in providing them.

A LONG TRAIN.—A cattle train of fifty-five cars, drawn by two locomotives, recently arrived at Ulica, from the West.

EDITORIAL INKDRIPS.

Show shops under the name of Crystal Palace, are all the rage in England.

Grashoppers have appeared in swarms at Cumberland, Maryland.

Preserving the locality by too strict a regimen, is a warlike malady.

Piracy is rife in the Mediterranean—the Greek Archipelago is swarming with piratical vessels.

Ex-President Van Buren is said to be writing a history of his own life and times.

The old elm tree on Boston Common, is said to be over 300 years old.

Every Judge in the State of Tennessee is a Son of Temperance.

The owners of the "Elephant" have paid \$700 for his pranks near Pawtucket.

An object of "interest"—a girl whose income is three thousand dollars a year.

An oil factory in Salem, Mass., consumes seventy thousand pounds of grease per week.

Large bodies of emigrants are moving towards Nebraska and Kansas.

Fifty dollars per night is the price of theatrical licenses in Wilmington, Delaware.

A silver mine has been discovered in Talladega county, Alabama.

New Orleans was comparatively free from cholera, at last accounts.

Malden Thillies has returned from California, richly remunerated by her visit to that State.

Cato said: "The best way to keep good acts in the memory, is to refresh them with new."

A woman 50 years old has a command in the Turkish army. She is said to be very valiant.

The art of printing has not penetrated into any part of the Moorish empire; everything is written.

The merry way of the N. Y. Mirror says Julian is Barnum set to music!

NEW USES OF SPIRITUALISM.

A woman was before one of the police magistrates in New York, lately, for having three more living husbands than the law in that State allowed, though out beyond the Rocky Mountains, among the salacious polygamists of Utah, that would have been no offence. The chief interest connected with the case arose from the manner the woman obtained her last husband, and the proof it affords of the miserable imposture practised under the name of spiritualism. The woman was a prominent member of a "circle," and having been smitten with the likely looks of a young man, a believer in the "science," set about the work of inducing him to marry her. He heard that she had former husbands, and wished to know if they were dead. At the next meeting she summoned the whole of them from the land of shadows, and made them all, one after the other, testify to the fact that they were dead (in the body), and give other interesting items as to their spiritual condition. The young man could not, of course, deny such evidence; and being attracted by the smartness, intelligence and good looks of the "medium," he married her. Not long after he discovered that four husbands were living, and that one of them was black, a fact the spirits had forgotten to mention.

CURA.

That there is a strenuous and systematic effort now making towards a Cuban revolution, all observant persons must be fully aware. The time has come when the fate of that island will shortly be decided. It must be Spanish or American—no other nation can have so much as a doubt of land in the island; can there be any doubt as to what is its real destiny? Mr. Thrasher, who has himself bitterly suffered by Spanish injustice, writes to a New York paper, as follows: "I am engaged, as I have already said, in an effort to raise money for the purpose of the Cuban revolution. I savor this frankly, for I know of no law prohibiting such a course; and even the sending of the gold eagles to Cuba, if I should succeed in getting them, is not a misdemeanor. There are many things there, useful to the revolution, which may be had for money; for instance, the Spanish army."

MADAME SONTAG.—The death of this lady, in the midst of her torments, and far away from her native land, and among strangers, is received by the public with peculiar sadness. During her sojourn in America, she had made thousands of sincere friends, not less by her unaffected and artless manners and her kindness of heart, than by her great powers of song. The public were looking forward with pleasure to her return to the States, where she was to appear in English opera. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Whilst Art has lost one of her most brilliant luminaries, society has been deprived of a highly cherished ornament.

FATAL POLLY.—Miss Mary Zollars visited the drug store of Dr. Arter, in Carrollton, Ohio, lately, and going behind the counter, commenced in a playful manner, to examine the various drugs, by tasting or smelling. She finally took down a vial, containing powdered strychnine, and touched a particle with her tongue. She died in convulsions, in a quarter of an hour!

WANTS THE CASH.—It is said that the principal amendment demanded by Santa Anna to the Gadsden Treaty is the payment of the ten millions in cash, instead of five monthly instalments. The money being in the treasury, no objection to it is thought to be made.

SAD DEPRIVATION.—Five persons in the family of Mr. Moley, near Quincy, Ill., were poisoned lately, one died, another will die, and three possibly will recover. Two sons and a daughter-in-law are the criminals.

DANGEROUS AMUSEMENT.—Thomas W. Kinman has been sentenced at Columbia, S. C., to be hung for slave stealing. He has a wife and eight children.

PUNISHMENT.—The surveyor of the port of New York has labelled twenty-two ships, valued at over \$1,000,000, for bringing passengers in berths but a little over 18 inches wide.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Notes of Foreign Travel," No. 5, by F. GLEASON.
 "Japan and the Japanese," No. 3, by Rev. LUTHER FAIRBANKS.
 "The Merchant's Oath, or Kindness is never lost," a tale by LOUISE LAWSON.
 "Corrections, or the Down of the Dandelion," an incident of Childhood, by Mrs. J. C. CLARK.
 "Battered," verses by GAY HENNINGSON.
 "Fair Play," a poem by THOMAS G. SPENCER.
 "The Pond Lily," a poem by THOMAS G. SPENCER.
 "Honor to whom Honor is Due," a stanza by ALICE CARLE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In this number will be found another of our agricultural scenes indicative of the month.

A representation of the manufacture of silk in the French Colony of Algeria.

A view of the Queen of England's State Carriage, as it appears conveying her Majesty from Buckingham Palace to the Parliament House.

Two engravings illustrating an old German legend, the first showing Count Bernhart serving the Trolls Cloth, and the second showing the count weeping over the dead body of his son.

A view of Pennsylvania Hospital, in Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Also, an engraving of the Innane Hospital, in Philadelphia.

A representation of Rocky Glen at Ring Sing, New York.

A view of Brookline, Mass., a fine suburban town, some five miles from Boston.

Scenes from "The Duke's Prison," the novellette, now publishing in the Pictorial.

Representation of that old time-honored structure, the Birthplace of Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

A scene depicting the old English mode of punishment, sitting in the stocks.

"The Promenade for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy."

Foreign Items.

Advices from Hong Kong state that the emigration from that port to the Pacific coast is five hundred weekly.

John B. Gough continues to be the temperance lion of England. He has engagements to lecture until the 18th of July.

The British government has taken steps to receive the same advantages in the trade with Japan as have just been granted to the United States.

An English lord recently took 1000 to ten about his absolutely placing the first, second and third horses for the Derby, and the bet came off in his favor!

There are 103 ex-ministers at present in Spain, all receiving pensions, including the members of one cabinet, which only held office for twenty-four hours!

Queen Victoria, it is said, has established a school for her out-of-door servants at Windsor, and for some time nearly every day, occupies herself in teaching from the Bible.

The latest advices state that Spain is strengthening her naval and military forces in the West Indies, in a manner that would induce the belief that she herself is expecting something serious.

A uniform and cheap postage system has been established in Norway. The price is equal to about four cents on every single letter circulating throughout the kingdom. Emigration is prevailing to an unprecedented extent.

A gentleman was recently travelling from Chester to London in a railway carriage, when his hat blew off. Without hesitating a moment, he picked his hat-box, on which were his name and address, after it wisely judging that the latter would lead to the return of the former—and it did so.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavor.—Bacon.

The night is pregnant with the morrow; God knows what the dawn will shine upon.—Auld Breckin.

The greatest ambition entirely conceals itself, when it finds that what it aspired to is unattainable.—Goethe.

A curse is like a stone thrown up toward heaven, and most likely to return on the head of him that sent it.—Walter Scott.

Envy feeds upon the living; after death it ceases—then every man's well earned honors defend him against calumny.—Goethe.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Saxe.

After the sting of folly has made men wise, they find it not so easy to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.—Henry.

Treat every one with respect and civility. Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy. Good manners insure success.—Hail.

He that is loudly praised, will be clamorously censured. He that rises hastily into fame, will be in danger of sinking suddenly into oblivion.—Lemon.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.—Channing.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many persons even acknowledge moderate ones; but there is scarcely any man who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.—Lec.

Joker's Budget.

The man who stuck to a point has got loose. The fellow who "took it coolly," brought it back slightly heated.

Why is a restless man like a Jew, like a lawyer? Because he lies on all sides!

Why is "Rebecca, the Jewess," like a lady from Bangor? Because she is from the "Pen ob Scott."

The man who undertook to convince himself that he was wrong, gave it up as a hopeless task. He said it was the hardest subject he ever got hold of.

Speaking of vegetable wonders, we heard the other day of a young lady whose lips were so sweet, that she dared not go into the garden for fear of the bees.

It would do to conclude that man is always happy when he is "smiling." But that he is a happy builder, because you always find him with "a brick in his hat."

Quill and Scissors.

A young lad in Baltimore was shot recently, by the accidental discharge of a pistol in his pocket. The ball was abstracted from his abdomen, and it is thought he will recover. He said he carried the pistol because it was the custom for young men to do so. He is about twelve years of age.

On the 14th ult., Mr. George W. Bowman, on his farm in Bullitt county, Ky., killed a rattlesnake some six feet four inches long, and eighteen inches around the body, with twenty-one rattles. It is believed that this was the largest and the oldest rattlesnake ever seen in the Western country.

The Russian American Company have at San Francisco a million of dollars, derived from the sale of merchandise sent there from Sticks, there being at present no safe way of sending the money to St. Petersburg, the company are obliged to allow it to remain on deposit in the United States.

The cylinder of the new steamer Metropolis, now being built in New York, is 8 feet 8 inches in diameter and 13 feet 8 inches long. It is large enough for a horse and cart to pass through, and 101 men have stood in it at one time! The Metropolis will run on the Sound.

The Albany notices the sanitary condition of New York in these words, "It is wonderful that we can calmly pray, once a week, for deliverance from pestilence, whilst the accumulated filth of the city cries up to heaven against us."

At our last dates, the English Naval Stations at Hong Kong were making preparations to attack the Russian warships in the Chinese waters. It would be the first naval engagement took place there.

It is stated that the wife of Colonel Fuller of the N. Y. Mirror, by the death of her father, has come into possession of about \$250,000. She was the daughter of the late John F. Delaplaine, Esq.

The Julien enterprise has proved a losing affair to the management, Hope, Chapel & Co., of London, who find themselves minus \$25,000; while Julien, being guaranteed, pockets a remunerating sum.

One column of advertising in the London Times is worth £6000 a year to the proprietors. The surplus profits of the Times are £20,000 a year, sterling, or \$300,000 of Uncle Sam's coin.

Advices from Havana state that an order will be shortly issued, compelling all foreigners, resident in Cuba, to leave the island or join the Cuban militia.

We learn that, in answer to an official inquiry, the Attorney General decides that recruiting officers of the army and navy may lawfully enlist aliens.

The inefficient Congressional sergeant-at-arms should be superseded by a major-of-foot, with orders to kick out all lie-living, pistol drawing blackguards.

M. W. Gelle, a scene painter, engaged at Pittsburgh, Pa., theatre, has by the death of a relative in England become sole heir to an estate valued at \$200,000.

The "Know-Nothings" are becoming quite a formidable political party, but were the *de-nat* to act in concert they could greatly out-vote them!

A white-man and two negroes were hung at Versailles (Ky.), recently, for murder, in the presence of 10,000 people. They made no confession.

Mr. Clayton estimates the number of foreign immigrants coming in, the current year, at 750,000; and as only 250,000 votes are wanted.

Other Pacha has six sides-de-camp. They are all Hungarians, and remarkable for the speed with which they go over the ground.

The Ambert Express says that a freed slave Palmer worn has again made his appearance on the apple trees in that vicinity.

The glorious old frigigate Constitution was at the Island of Vera Cruz, on the 24th of May. Officers and crew all well.

The U. S. Circuit Court in Philadelphia have granted an injunction against the reconstruction of the Washington bridge.

The Saratoga Daily Sentinel says the number of arrivals there amounts to eight hundred or a thousand a day.

Gas is gradually finding its way into Italy: Nice was lighted, for the first time, on the 24th of April last.

A free library is to be established in Newburyport.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Rustick to Miss Catharine C. Smith.
 By Rev. Mr. Hovey, Mr. Oliver M. Westworth to Miss Mary E. Gill.
 By Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Jacob Kendall to Miss Mary S. Rice.
 At South Reading, Mr. John H. Balch to Miss Lydia J. Smith.
 At Northampton, by Rev. Mr. Volant, Mr. William Jones to Miss Maria B. Leonard.
 At Sandwich, by Rev. Mr. W. Houghton, Mr. Ezra Freeman to Miss Abby N. Wheeler.
 At Fortmouth, N. H., Mr. George Decker to Miss Anne Plummer.
 At Portland, by Rev. L. Conklin, Hon. Rufus Noble to Miss Philina Tilton.
 At Portland, by Rev. Mr. Guilford, Dr. O. Howe to Miss Sarah A. Adams.
 At Hallowell, N. Y., by Rev. S. Elch, Mr. Samuel Debevoise to Miss Anna M. Brown.
 At New York, by Rev. Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Samuel J. Dugan to Miss Sarah M. Brown.
 At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Edward Atkins to Miss Eliza Jones.
 At Hudson, N. Y., Mr. Samuel M. Seely to Miss Eliza Jones.
 At Princeton, N. J., Lieut. John H. Howell, U. S. N., to Miss Mary Stockton.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. John Bacon, 73; Mrs. Lucy Ann Davis, 81; Frank N., son of Mr. Benjamin B. Brown, 2 years.
 Mr. David J. Haynes, 51; Mrs. Hannah Reed, 51.
 At Frank N., son of Mr. Benjamin B. Brown, 2 years.
 At Northampton, by Rev. Mr. Volant, Mr. William Jones to Miss Maria B. Leonard.
 At Sandwich, by Rev. Mr. W. Houghton, Mr. Ezra Freeman to Miss Abby N. Wheeler.
 At Fortmouth, N. H., Mr. George Decker to Miss Anne Plummer.
 At Portland, by Rev. L. Conklin, Hon. Rufus Noble to Miss Philina Tilton.
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 At Princeton, N. J., Lieut. John H. Howell, U. S. N., to Miss Mary Stockton.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GOODLY REST.

BY JOHN E. BUCKLEY.

How few in all this strange sejour,
Seek not some heart to lean upon—
Hence trusting soul that can return
Sweet words which friends are gone!
To then—ah then, that worth will show
Above the self pretence can reach;
To then—ah then, that love will show
Within those hearts, alike in each.

Life is, indeed, a solemn stress
Within whose currents we may trace
All that we are, or ever have been.
The good and ill that mark our race.
And be about a chain of sinners,
Who, with the good though only stay,
And turn from all that love enures,
To mock and cry, all love betrays.

'Tis well that look for on the main
Has one good hand that safely guides;
One hand that has not come in vain,
To trust the wind and waves to roam;
'Tis well you cling on the moor
Hold on dear heart that never slips;
Tis well for him whose peaceful door
Can hide his life from evil's eyes.

'Tis well for him who can forgo
The selfish quest of ambition's way;
Who, humbly kneeling, thanks to know
The quiet dream devotion brings.
And is who vision strange unveil
Can tempt not over the world to roam;
But loving one place, and one breast,
Finds there a Christian heart and home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MARRYING FOR A HOME.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"On dear, I don't know what to do about marrying Mr. Liston," soliloquized pretty Adelaide Southernland. "I really didn't think it was so difficult to make up one's mind, but I must, for he'll expect his answer to-night."

The fair speaker twisted another jetty ringlet over her finger, and mechanically gazed out of the window.

"Ask your heart, that will answer truthfully," suggested a voice of singular clearness from within.

Adelaide started; the monitor was so perfectly intelligent, that she fancied some one stood by her side.

"Mr. Liston is certainly very fine looking. I don't know that I ever saw a handsomer man," she continued, taking an elegantly cast dagger-rotty from a toilet table, and minutely examining the features of the object of her thoughts.

"Yes, he unquestionably has a *distingué* air," said the invisible querist.

"I've heard some hints that his disposition was not the most amiable in the world, but I never observed anything of the kind. The report was probably started by some malicious young lady who is jealous of his attentions to me. But I hope it isn't true, for all things I dislike cross people, and an ill-tempered husband would be positively unendurable."

"What is the nature of your feelings toward him?" pursued the internal voice, not yet disheartened by the total neglect and inattention it had thus far received.

"He is rich, and lives in very good style; that at least, will make up for other deficiencies. I suppose we ought not to expect perfection; Mr. Liston is, no doubt, a very good kind of a man."

"But do you love him?" inquired important conscience, who seemed determined not to be thwarted in her kind endeavors.

Adelaide paused, and the words, "do you love him," were again repeated with peculiar distinctness by the same unseen questioner.

"I must confess that I haven't any great affection for him, but that is of little consequence. Love is merely a chimera—an idle fancy that seldom or never outlives six months of matrimony. I'm just as well off without it as with it. Besides, they say love is blind, and if I marry with my eyes open, I shan't be apt to meet with much disappointment."

"Ah, Adelaide, that is fallacious reasoning—do not be led aside by such sophistry!" Miss Southernland tapped the carpet impatiently with her small foot, and was inclined to be vexed with the monitor that would make itself heard.

"I want a home!" she responded, as if in answer, and her tone was more decisive than she had yet used. "I want a home; it would be so nice to have a place which I could call my own. I don't like dependence, and I'm heartily tired of staying a week with Fanny, a fortnight with Laura, a few days with Bella, and being obliged to hear the advice of all three in regard to my saying and doings. Yes, I do need a home, and as Mr. Liston has offered me so good a one, I don't think I can do better than to accept it."

Adelaide did not stop to hear the whisper "that a home gained under such circumstances might not prove a happy one," but, half fearing that her decision might be weakened by some untoward event, immediately sat down, put her answer upon paper, and sent it off, congratulating herself that the perplexing question was settled.

Adelaide Southernland was fatherless and motherless, and lived alternately with her three married sisters, who—as is often the case—respectively believed that the prerogative was theirs to govern in a great measure, her actions. That was a bit of a coquette, who will not attempt to deny; and that these same ladies had spent a great deal of time and breath in urging their fickle-minded sister to make choice of some one or two for a husband, was just as true. But Adelaide, few would not admit, was not length suspicion blighted that their advice might be so indiscreet as they would have it thought. "She was a burden, doubtless, and they were trying to get rid of her, although they would admit it in so many words. Yes, she would marry and be independent."

Now Miss Southernland had done her sister

sisters injustice; never, by word or deed, had they given her reason to suppose that she was an unbecomingly dependent creature. Their counsels were well meant, and they had her best interests at heart, and notwithstanding they were well pleased upon learning she was engaged to become the wife of Mr. Liston—who was considered an eligible match—they would have been mutually shocked to have discovered what the young lady so rashly concealed—that she contemplated marriage merely as the means whereby she should secure a permanent home.

Mr. Liston was a man between thirty-five and forty, and a widower; but this fact, and the additional circumstance of his having a young daughter, occasioned Miss Southernland no annoyance; having once been married, the gentleman could initiate her into the mysteries of housekeeping, and she had no fears but that she should prove an excellent step-mother. She would be conducted to an elegant residence, awaiting her presence, without the trouble of selecting carpets, choosing curtains, or examining furniture; she would be waited upon by obedient servants, and maintained in affluence, which last she considered the great desideratum.

Mr. Liston had been smitten with the pretty face, lady-like manner, and vivacious spirits of Miss Southernland, and was inclined to think she would make a very good wife. He accordingly proposed, and felt quite proud upon learning that he had been preferred to many younger though we cannot say handsomer men; for as we have before hinted, Mr. Liston was a noble specimen of manly beauty, and strange to say, he was so well satisfied of it, that by the time the nuptial knot was indissolubly tied, he had come to think that he was conferring quite an honor upon the young lady in allowing her to bear his name.

Miss Southernland and Mr. Liston were united in church, and repaired immediately after the performance of the ceremony to the residence of the latter, where a party of friends were assembled to offer congratulations to the newly wedded pair. Our heroine certainly appeared to good advantage as she moved easily and gracefully about among her guests, in the happy consciousness of being mistress of a well-ordered and handsomely furnished establishment. She acted the hostess admirably, and more than once saw the eyes of her husband fixed upon her in a manner that indicated his entire satisfaction. Adelaide was the happiest of the happy; her home was a delightful one, and though it was burdened with an incumbrance in the shape of a husband, he was both handsome and agreeable, which made the matter assume a different aspect.

"How very neat and nice everything is!" exclaimed our heroine, the next morning, as she looked into the hall, and saw her husband seated at the breakfast table, looking so comfortable and contented.

"You must have excellent domestics," she added, with a smile.

"So I flatter myself," was the polite rejoinder.

"That is fortunate, for I am but a novice in housekeeping," Mr. Liston. What a superb view of the harbor!" and Adelaide put aside a heavy curtain and glanced out of an upper window. Adelaide was the happiest of the happy; her home was a delightful one, and though it was burdened with an incumbrance in the shape of a husband, he was both handsome and agreeable, which made the matter assume a different aspect.

"You will find in her a very competent adviser and valuable auxiliary. By considering her, she has consented to remain with us; but being somewhat indisposed last evening, she kept her room."

Adelaide did remember that he had once said something about an aunt who spent portions of her time with him, but that she was a permanent member of the family, she was not aware of. She would have preferred being alone, but then the relative was probably a distant one; motherly kind of a person, and would be of much assistance to her in her new round of duties; so she promptly answered, "that no doubt they should get along very well together, and be very good friends."

"She is an orderly lady, as you will perceive," continued Mr. Liston, "and in common with other people, has her whims and caprices, which I generally humor, as the wisest course I can take—for her habits are too confirmed to be easily changed."

Adelaide made no reply, but she felt some misgivings lest these same whims might manifest themselves too often; odd people were sometimes obstinate and hard to please. However, there was no use in borrowing trouble, and she soothed herself to be so compliant and yielding, that no fault could justly be found with her conduct.

"This is my private library, where I am inaccessible several hours in the day," he went on to say, opening a door which led into a small, neat apartment, well provided with articles of comfort and enjoyment in the form of books, papers, cigar-cases, lounges, etc.

"I like the bachelor principles," laughed Adelaide, as she glanced in and glanced with interest about her. "But how easy it will be to shut ourselves up here out of the way of people, when we feel meditative, and wish to be free from interruption. I feel disposed to try that inviting lounge lounge lounge."

"By the sound of that bell I believe we are wanted to breakfast," Mr. Liston. "I want to present you to my aunt," and with these words Mr. Liston gallantly offered his arm to his bride, and the pair sought the dining-room.

"Adelaide, this is Miss Barker, my aunt," said Mr. Liston, as our heroine found herself in the presence of a tall, thin lady, who touched her fingers very lightly by way of salutation, and then, as if in a cold, formal tone, Adelaide was embarrassed somewhat, for Miss Barker made no attempt to continue the conversation; but her surprise was greatly enhanced by seeing the latter deliberately place herself at the head of the table, after pointing out the seat which the new wife was expected to occupy.

Adelaide's cheek flushed; she looked inquiry

ingly at Mr. Liston, but that gentleman seemed wholly unconscious of the rudeness of the action, and apparently thought that a seat at this side of the table was just as proper for his wife as one at the head. The latter, although disgraced by such total disregard of the rights that custom accorded, made an effort to recover her equanimity and join in the conversation which her husband was endeavoring to start; but notwithstanding their mutual exertions, all three manifested so much constraint, that Adelaide was glad when the meal was concluded. She was obliged to confess to herself that there was a fair prospect of her domestic happiness being "nipped in the bud."

It was plain enough to her that she was considered in the light of an interloper by the stately Miss Barker; for though young and inexperienced, Mrs. Liston was a quick observer, and a good reader of character. As Mr. Liston had business to attend to for the rest of the morning, his wife, although not quite sure but that she should have devoted the time to her, repaired to her own room. She employed an hour or two in arranging her wardrobe, and then with a natural desire to know more about her new home, and a pardonable curiosity to learn what was going on about her, she returned to the parlor, feeling quite confident that Miss Barker was already there, waiting to deliver up the keys, and give her such hints and instructions as her years and experience would warrant her in bestowing upon one who was a novice in the art of managing servants, and the other details of housekeeping.

To be sure, she had been somewhat disappointed in the maiden aunt, but she determined she would not be prejudiced against her, nor judge hastily; her manner might naturally be reserved and cold, and more constrained toward a stranger than any one else. Perhaps she had been disappointed in a matter of the affections, and thus a good disposition might have become sour and peevish; at any rate, it was best to be charitable. So Mrs. Liston went down, but Miss Barker was not to be seen. An hour was spent in turning over the leaves of books, running over an elaborately carved piano, pacing up and down over the thick carpet, and wondering why she was left so entirely alone. No doubt Miss Barker was busy—for she had excused herself before Mr. Liston had left—but then she was both able and willing to assist her, and even anxious to relieve her of a part of the whole of her burden of care.

Half an hour more passed away, and then Adelaide began to grow impatient. She had not yet seen the child, whom she had resolved to love very much, and she had half a mind to go in search of the motherless one and try to win its confidence. But upon second thought she changed her mind; when Mr. Liston was ready, she would wait patiently until she was called. Presently the thought occurred that perhaps Miss Barker was waiting for her to make the first advances; she could not do better than offer her services at once. Adelaide rang the bell, and a domestic promptly answered the summons.

"Tell Miss Barker that if she wishes to see me for any purpose, or if I can assist her in any way, I am at her service," said Mrs. Liston in a pleasant tone.

The girl bowed respectfully and withdrew, but she made her appearance again with the message, "that Miss Barker was much obliged, but that she didn't need any help."

"Ah, I understand," mused the young wife. "She is kindly disposed enough, but probably does not wish to trouble me with care at first; I will wait patiently until she seems to be confidential. Time works wonders, it is said."

Mr. Liston soon came in, and as he was the same polite, agreeable man as ever, the minutes passed very quickly and pleasantly until the dinner-bell rang.

Adelaide dreaded another stiff, ceremonious, unsocial meal, but contrary to her expectations, she was very comfortable as she had been in the morning. Mr. Liston seemed more at ease, and the prim lady opposite him at the head of the table, had parted with a little of her former rigidity.

When the desert was brought on, the gentleman despatched a servant to the nursery after his daughter, who was led in and approached her father in a timid manner that it was obvious she was not on very intimate terms with him.

"Rosa," he said, placing the child upon his knee, "this lady is your new mother; you must learn to love her very much."

But judging from her frightened and shrinking looks that desirable result would not be brought about easily, and no coaxing on the part of Adelaide could induce her to relinquish the hand of her nurse, to whom she had run the moment Mr. Liston released her. Rosa was evidently very much afraid of her father, very much in awe of her great-aunt, and greatly attached to her attendant.

"The child is bashful—she seldom sees a stranger," he remarked, apologetically, to Adelaide.

"Is she not kept in the nursery too much," she timidly asked.

"I don't know. What do you think about it, aunt?" he added, turning to Miss Barker, who had not opened her lips since Rosa's entrance.

"I think that the nursery is the place for children," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Well, I suppose you know best about such things, for I seldom trouble my head about children, except to assure myself that they are comfortable. You can take the child up stairs, nurse, as she doesn't feel disposed to cultivate our acquaintance," he continued.

Adelaide was again disappointed; she was fond of children, and a great favorite with them; but it was easy to see that she would not be allowed to exert an influence over the mind of Rosa, though she had hoped to be the means of doing her much good.

Days sped on. Mrs. Liston was the bride of a month. She occupied precisely the same situation that she did on the day we followed her movements, having neither advanced nor retrograded. She felt very much like a visitor in a strange house, and experienced none of the satisfaction she had anticipated when she had a "home of her own."

It was surprising how many whims the maiden aunt made manifest, and in how many different ways they exhibited themselves.

Adelaide was hardly prepared for such a course of procedure as Miss Barker saw fit to adopt; for though never wanting in politeness or respect, the latter would not yield an inch of ground to the second wife. This state of things was unbearable to our high-spirited heroine; she chafed at the idea of being a mere cipher in her husband's household, where, by right, her voice should be law. She could not complain of neglect or inattention on the part of the domestics, and Miss Barker was never lacking in courtesies when they met, which was seldom, except on Monday. Miss Barker smoothed this circumstance over by remarking "that his aunt had an old maidish whim that she was happier alone;" adding, afterward, "that though she had her peculiarities, she was a good woman at heart, and thought as much of his interest as she could."

Whether the husband was aware that his wife was not treated exactly as was her due, Adelaide was not certain; he seemed so entirely unconscious that she was far from being satisfied, that sometimes she would totally absolve him from any participation in the matter; and yet were he at all observant, he must have seen that all was not just as it should be. She was ashamed to find fault the first week of her married life, and making another resolve to be patient and forbearing, she said nothing, but ventured on one or two experiments which she hoped would serve to mend matters. She had never been consulted with regard to the food that was prepared, and knew as little of what was transpiring below stairs, as the veriest stranger.

Accordingly Mrs. Liston quietly entered the kitchen.

"Jenny," she said, addressing the cook, who looked up in surprise, as though it had never occurred to her that the lady could possibly have any desire to enter a place where she was not particularly needed, "Jenny, I would like some custards made for dinner, to-day. Mr. Liston is fond of them and so am I."

Jenny promised to be mindful of the request.

"Now I will see how that will work," thought Adelaide. "It is best to know at once whether I am somebody or nobody. I ought not to have tacitly yielded so long as I have."

That day at table, Mrs. Liston looked with interest for the articles she had ordered; but instead of custards came pudding.

"Where are the custards, Esther?" she demanded of the girl in waiting.

"I told Jenny this morning," said Adelaide.

"And she was to make 'em, ma'am, but the mistress here bid her make pudding instead," was Esther's blunt reply.

"How is this?" asked Mr. Liston, looking up in surprise.

"I countermanded the orders, Mrs. Liston, because it was more convenient to make something else for dessert to-day," said Miss Barker, in her usual calm tone.

"Ah, was that it? Well, I presume it makes no difference with Adelaide; we can have them some other time," added the nephew, and then proceeded to talk upon another subject, as though the point at issue was not worth a moment's consideration.

Mrs. Liston was not very tenacious of her rights, but she must be confessed at this juncture, she felt indignant that her wishes should be deemed of so little importance as to be overruled without even an excuse for so doing; it was a slight so evident, that she could not patiently overlook it. This incident so dispirited her that did not recover her accustomed cheerfulness for the rest of the day.

"You look serious this evening, Adelaide," remarked Mr. Liston, after they had taken tea.

"I hope you are not thinking about the custards, yet."

"More about the words than the custards, I believe," she replied, trying to assume a calmness she was far from feeling.

"I fear you suffer trifles to annoy you, Mrs. Liston," he added, in a slightly changed voice.

Adelaide saw that now, if ever, was the time to speak.

"I am not disposed to find fault," she resumed, with some hesitation, "yet I own I am not pleased to discover that my orders are countermanded, and my wishes disregarded. I was led to expect that some deference as your wife, would be paid me, without the asking."

"Any reasonable wish of yours I have no doubt will be carefully granted; but my aunt undoubtedly had good reasons for doing as she did. I do not question her judgment."

"Neither do I—far from it; but she could certainly have taken some way less calculated to wound a sensitive nature."

"What would you have, Mrs. Liston?" demanded the gentleman, in a tone of severity.

"Nothing but what is rightfully my due," rejoined Adelaide, who thought of the motto, "nothing venture, nothing gain."

"And what may I understand by that?" "Merely that I think I am entitled to certain rights and privileges as your wife, in the enjoyment of which I should respect myself, and induce my servants to respect me."

For the first time since his marriage, Mr. Liston frowned upon his wife; he passed a moment, and then said:

"I believe I mentioned once before, that you would have little to do with the domestic department. My aunt is both able and willing to take all the responsibility upon herself; and it was settled before my marriage, that she should occupy the same position as heretofore. I see no reason why this arrangement should not be as satisfactory, as it is already, to you."

Now, Adelaide, she was at a loss, for she had labored day and night, with an attempt at playfulness, "do not think I married the pretty Miss Southernland to transform her into a household drudge."

"But in my own home, I—"

"Your own home!" repeated Mr. Liston, slowly.

Adelaide crimsoned. In her mouth the words were comparatively simple, but in its they assumed a stern significance. The hint was palpable enough; she was a portionless bride, and therefore must submit unresistingly to the mandates of one who had conferred upon her the distinction of bearing his name. She felt the full meaning of his last remark, but wounded pride kept her silent. She knew full well that if he would stoop to utter such unworthy and ungentlemanly sentences, there was little hope that he would look at the matter in its true light.

For a few moments there was a most embarrassing silence. Mr. Liston looked steadily into the fire and twirled his watch-chain uneasily. Adelaide had displayed more evidences of wounded feeling than he had thought her capable of; and he was fearful he had said rather too much, and it was possible that he had overstepped his mark.

"I am sorry this disagreeable subject was introduced," he observed, at length. "Let us drop it, and not refer to it again. Believe me, Mrs. Liston, there is not the least necessity that it should cause you a moment's uneasiness; most ladies would be glad to be in your situation."

Adelaide doubted this, but she neither said ay or no, and finding she was not inclined to talk, the gentleman left the room, and shortly after was heard to shut the street door.

"And this was what I married for!" thought our heroine, bitterly. "In trying to shun one kind of dependence, I have subjected myself to humiliation, and I have added a new species of slavery. I wanted a home, but what kind of a home have I gained? I have got a handsome husband also, but he has shown himself sadly deficient in those noble and generous qualities which constitute a true man."

When next Mr. and Mrs. Liston met, it was with coldness on both sides. Had there been any genuine affection between the parties, this state of things would not have long continued; but as no such feeling existed on Adelaide's part, she declined to assign a sentiment to which she was a stranger. As for Mr. Liston, as we have before said, he had fallen in love with Miss Southernland's pretty face and petite figure, and thinking she would make a handsome parlor ornament, or an elegant opera appendage, he had felt a sort of triumph in bearing her off in the face of numerous young and disappointed suitors, who were both jealous and indignant at his success. That his youthful wife would be very pliant, and consult his will and pleasure in all things, he was confident; not for a moment imagining that she would dare assert her rights, which had been made over in full to his aunt, who had lived in his family most of the time since his first marriage, and who had been means of shortening the days—so her friends asserted—of the former wife.

Mr. Liston was a very selfish man, and Miss Barker had a large share of this trait of character also. He knew that the latter exercised a strict supervision over the servants, and was saving and even parsimonious, never suffering a bit of bread or a piece of meat to pass out of the house, which could possibly be put to use.

The table was always spread sparingly, and seldom supplied with luxuries; mignon, as Adelaide thought, rather a strange contrast to the elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. This disposition accorded well with Mr. Liston's. He made up his mind that no young, frivolous, inexperienced, wife should have a chance to waste his property, and it was entirely out of her power to save or spend, by installing Miss Barker sole mistress of his household.

Time wore away. When visited by her relatives or acquaintances, she blushed with mortification at their looks of astonishment, when she took her accustomed seat at the table on the right of the maiden aunt. But Adelaide had state feelings, and it was entirely out of her power to save or spend, by installing Miss Barker sole mistress of his household.

"It made a great deal of work," Miss Barker remarked. "Dirted the carpets, displaced the furniture, littered the spare chambers, and was very expensive. It was far better for people to stay at home and mind their own business."

Our heroine was shrewd enough to understand that the latter was alluding to the fact, that Miss Barker's niggardliness was becoming more apparent every day. She found it exceedingly difficult to conform to the latter's set, precise notions of neatness; for Adelaide, though possessing a great love of order and system, could not understand why a chair must invariably stand just so many inches from a window, or why it was not as proper to lay a book upon one side as the other. So she moved about, feeling very much as though she was confined in a straight jacket; she must walk in just such a way, for the aunt averred "that quick steps injured a Brussels, and running up and down stairs kicked out the carpet shockingly."

If she sat down to the piano to play away her unpleasant reflections, Miss Barker was sure to have a bad headache, which obliged her to touch the keys very lightly, and another her fine voice for fear of injuring the lady's nerves. But afterward Adelaide discovered her real motive, by overhearing the remark, "that if the piano was used so much, they should have to hire a tuner by the year."

She even grumbled the poor girl the solace of music.

Mrs. Liston had been six months married, and during that time her husband had not once asked her if she was in need of money. The generosity of her sisters had procured her a handsome bridal outfit, which had obliterated the necessity of her applying to him for anything; but as some few articles were now really required, she hoped he would again refer to the subject. This he did not do, and she was forced to make a round of calls.

"Ah, yes, ladies do like money, I believe. You had asked, I suspect?" he replied, interrogatively.

"A little," was the rejoinder.

"Perhaps ten or fifteen dollars?" continued Mr. Liston, in quite an indifferent manner.

"No one would have known that, unless my

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